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OR

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LITERATURE.

HAPPINESS.

As in the sun the dewy violet trembles,
Trembles my spirit now with joy's excess,
So deep, that pain itself it nigh resembles,
Brimming with wordless, tearful happiness.
Oh let the incense of a thankful heart
Ascend to Heaven, as perfume from the flower,
That seeing winter's shadow grim depart,
Lifts up its head unto the sun and shower;
Yet not forgetting, in the soft spring days,
The storms and frosts through which it safe has past;
Wearing life out in glad and loveful praise,
And calmly sinking down to earth at last,
Having its course fulfilled. Oh, then, may I
Thus thankful, hopeful live, and thus contented die!

D. M. M.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

BY MRS. MATTHEWS.

—"What's in a name?"
"More than is a dreamt of in your philosophy."

One of the accomplished authors of the "Rejected Addresses"* has in one of his humorous compositions ingeniously set forth, that surnames '*go by contraries*,' *i. e.*, are invariably opposed to the nature, habits, and pursuits of their possessors. In the opposite sense to the above we are prone to consider *christian* names, which, we are fully persuaded, often, if not always, suggest character and manner to their respective owners. Otherwise, how is it that we generally find such apparent agreement with the persons to whom they belong?

Taking for granted that the render is nonplussed by this question, and unprepared with any satisfactory reply, we proceed to admonish parents in general to bestow more consideration on this seemingly unimportant point, than is commonly given to it, before they decide; lest, in affixing a name which may possibly prove provokingly incongruous with the relative nature of its possessor, they perpetuate a title to the ridicule which is always on the watch for subjects and occasion whereat to level its spirit-wounding arrows, and which cannot be unjustly aimed when pretension courts the dart.

Your *Celestinas* and *Seraphinas* are certainly never like any other people in the world—indeed they ought *not* to be—they must of necessity assume, if their nature be adverse, something of the Angelic: to be mere mortals would be to oppose their stars and shame consistency. But should name and nature obstinately refuse the requisite coalescence; if the former demand a strict union with character and manner; if the latter prove unbending and unmalleable, then comes the rub! and hence the inconveniences and mortifications annexed to such misnomers. If, indeed, the person so distinguished be naturally engaging and beautiful, loveable without affectation or study; if dignified, graceful, and amiable, moving in a sphere of life favourable to the display of such bright attributes, 'tis well; yet does she barely escape the ready sneer which is otherwise inevitably appended to the showy label which her sponsors have hung, like a glittering bauble, round her neck to attract the notice and comments of the ill-natured and vulgar.

But if, on the contrary, your *Celestina and Seraphina* be *less* than the implied perfection, if low-born, poor, and homely; should one be a shrew and the other a gorgon, if either prove remarkable for personal or moral deformity, devoted by birth and circumstances to toil and vulgar occupations, the brightness of her name only serves as a malicious light to expose her homeliness to the derision of her familiars, and she has only, in trying to evade her destiny, to affect what must unfit her for her station and employment, and so draw upon her a double measure of the contempt which was born of her parents' folly and matured to her own dismay.

Then again. If beauty rank and character happily combine, and are co-incident with *name*, even then, age will o'ertake, and wrinkles infallibly cross with their defacing lines every pre-existing title to such extraordinary distinction, and infirmities sour the sweet complacency of youth. Who ever heard, or *could* hear without derision, of *Old Miss Celestina*, or *Cross Miss Seraphina?* Titles only to be embodied by Mrs. Davenports of the stage, the representatives of silly, disappointed, and spiteful old maids. A sensible woman bearing about with her such a provocative to ridicule, would be apt to cancel the evil; or, by sinking the sublime lengthiness of her name into a mere initial, hope, when signing herself *C. Huggins*, or *S. Muggins*, that she had in a measure conquered her fate, by thus leaving room for a supposition that some less exalted appellation described the writer, and so shield herself from the deriding smile which even the best natured of her correspondents might betray at the extended signature.

Simple, *no-meaning* names are, on the contrary, never improperly applied. A plain name, like a plain dress, can never be censurable, however beneath the standard of the wearer's claims. Simplicity defies the cavilling of ill-nature itself, while loveliness and worth will always give dignity to the simplest appellation. Who ever felt less respect or admiration for a high-born beauty because she was entitled, "My Lady Betty," or "My Lady Dorothea," or "Lady Anne?" *A propos* of Anne; we have seldom known *an Anne* remarkable for making any unfounded claim, unless, indeed, she had dismissed the final and indispensable *e*, in favour of an affected *a*, or superadded another name, which conjointly forms one of very offensive pretension, and by which process many a plain *Anne* is converted into the most suspicious of all compounds, namely *Anna Maria*—our favourite aversion! Separate and apart, however, these two names are free from actual censure, but *wedded* they are detestable; and we confess we are always ready to dispute the legality of the union. Nor can we banish the impression arising from the recollection of the *Man-Maid*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," who, time out of mind, has been thus named by the universal agreement of actors (people whose perceptions of the ludicrous and absurd are peculiarly acute), with a view to create a sure laugh at an undue association of sentiment with ugliness and vulgarity; but *Anne, by itself Anne*, has no extraneous call made upon her for either exceeding beauty, grace, amiability, rank, or refinement. She may be as natural as she pleases with impunity. She has left all extraneous responsibilites at the font with her godfathers and godmothers, who burthened her with nothing requiring personal representation. She is pledged to *nothing*. She is not *necessarily* handsome, talented, high-born, or wealthy. She need not be distinguished in such respects, although there is no hindrance to her being any, or all the good things mentioned. For these reasons "*Anne*" is seldom otherwise than what Nature made her; in short, we know of no blot that can attach to "*Anne*," unless from the degradation of familiar affectation, when it takes leave to call her "*Nancy*," a *diminutive*,—*pour ainsi dire*, that can only be agreeably and endearingly employed in a sea-song, and its use should be considered the exclusive privilege of Dibdin, in whose style of poetry "Nan, Nance, and Nancy," are found where they *should* be. They are at home in a ship, but lamentably out of place in a drawing room.

"*Mary*" is a name of equal simplicity with "*Anne*," but, perhaps, claims to be one of a more touching and tender import. "*Mary*" like "*Anne*," may be either born and placed in high life, or in low life. She may with equal propriety be "*My Lady Mary*," or "*Mary, the cook-maid*;" and in either station, pretty or plain, grave or gay, as Nature and disposition prompt. Anne and Mary, like the twin-born *Mary-Anne*, are of one family, and as such are apt to resemble each other very much in their characteristics, with a slight perceptible difference, "*Anne*" being less *interesting* than "Mary," less impulsive, and more guarded and unbending. While "*Mary*" is ingenuous, unsuspecting, persuadable, and yielding. We would prefer to call our daughter "*Mary*," but that "*Anne*" is less loveable and trusting, and therefore more secure, though by no means exempt from that portion of womanly weakness "which is the badge of all their tribe."

Now as to "*Proper names for Males*," we are no less certain that sound, even with the stronger sex, has too often influenced sense, *par exemple:*—

Is not "*John*,' almost always either an honest, blunt, determined sort of person, or a *sulky bear!* (handsome or otherwise as Nature wills it.) Do not therefore ask *what's in a name*, for when was "*John*" found to be a weak, meek, wife-led animal, a "*poor creature?*" When, what is called a *good sort of man!* No, 'he has too much *sense* for that!" John is downright as well as upright, and generally, it must be confessed, a *likeable* person; yet, it is to be wished by his female friends, that he possessed a little more *sentiment*; but *never* call him "*Johnny*" after his sixth year, if you desire to respect him, or require others to do so!

As for his vulgar relative "*Jack*" he is a saucy, pert abridgment of "*Jackanapes*," and an active embodiment of pitch and tar. Send him to *sea*, and *keep him there!*

"*Thomas?*"

If a *gentleman* find himself, from an inveterate addiction to matter-of-fact, and a virtuous horror of an *alias*, impelled to sign his first *billet doux* with this plebeian name, he is a lost man! For what young lady of any spirit or sentiment, especially if well read in romance, would think of a lover with such a signature? "*Thomas*" has been, time out of mind, a respectable, trust-worthy "*fellow*;" but unacknowledgable as a refined adorer. We can adduce a poetical exception to this rule, but that is a very "*Little*" one.

"*Thomas*" may be allowed to follow a mistress as her *footman*, but can never be permitted at *her feet*. Banish him to the servants' hall.

But Tom?—

Oh "*Tom*" is another guess sort of person. When, we ask, was "Tom" other than a "good-natured," good-for-nothing, good sort of animal? One whom everybody likes, and nobody cares for; tolerated when present, forgotten when absent; slapt upon the back by his familiars, and taken unresented freedoms with by all who knew him. Ever ready to do *any* thing for other people, doing nothing for himself; every body's man at all times, never his own man at any time.

Poor "*Tom*" is at best but a breathing nonentity—or at worst that fanciful but painful moral anomaly—"*Nobody's enemy but his own.*"

William?

"*William*" will be found to be, for the most part, mild, amiable, and good; nay, not unfrequently strikingly intellectual; but "*William's*" strength is commonly merged in his vulgar diminutive "*Bill*."

"*Bill*" is properly of the same genus as "*Tom*," but by no means so blameless. "*Bill*" (or "*Will*") is an obstinate, unmanageable scape-grace; or at best but a slovenly, idle, careless "*Dog*," reckless of his own welfare, and quite indifferent to that of other people. "*Bill*' is opposed to "*William*" in all things: the latter is universally regarded as a steady, upright youth. He is nice in person and precise in habits, loving order in all things, and keeping his appointments and accounts regularly.

"*William*" (in doubtful weather) carries an umbrella in his hand, and a purse in his pocket, from which he is willing to give or to lend, but he never borrows. "*Bill*," on the contrary, rushes out in the rain without any protection, his stocking in wrinkles, his hat unbrushed, and put on with invariab'y a sinister leaning to *one* side. "*William*" in walking does not disdain the crossings. "*Bill*" splashes over to the other side regardless of mud and water. He is always waited for at dinner and every other engagement. He walks with one glove in his hand instead of upon it. Carries what cash he happens to possess loose in his pocket, gold and silver indiscriminately mixed, and often pays a sovereign to a cab-man in the dark instead of a shilling; which, however, he never misses. He often borrows money, and seldom recollects, when it is spent, of whom.

"*William*," if he eat an ice in a shop, dallies patiently till he receives his change, which he the next minute transfers to a hungry expectant at the door. "*Bill*" casts his piece of silver upon the counter, and walks carelessly away, telling the ragged wretch who solicits him upon the threshold, that "*he has nothing for him.*" In fact, "*William*" is *one* thing, "*Bill*" *another*.

"*Edward*" is a wishy-washy individual, admired by romance-reading *Misses*, but disdained by them after their teens. "*Edward*" is only interesting in his first youth. There are bright exceptions; but "Edward" is feeble unless coupled with another. He may acquire force by adventitious aid; but "*Edward*" is seldom strong enough in his utmost maturity *to go alone;* and "*Neddy*" is notoriously a *Donkey*. Parents, do not give your child this mawkish name.

"*Henry*," if not handsome, well shaped, elegant, and slim; above all, *blue-eyed*, is intolerable! If called "Hennery" by himself and family he is too vulgar for notice.

"*Robert*" is staid and respectable, and *may* be gentlemanlike; but oh! afar from us keep his insufferable half-brother, "*Bob*."

Indeed, diminutives of every kind we especially eschew; at the best they vulgarize and lessen the respect we would feel for those to whom they attach. Our great Lexicographer was wisely thankful that his *name* was not obnoxious to a pun—he meant his *surname;* but how much more cause would he have found for self-gratulation (had it occurred to him), that no one could possibly take the freedom of calling him "*Sam!*"

This little digression leads us to speak of "*Charles*," whom, strange to say, we had almost forgotten to mention.

"*Charles*" is rarely unpopular. "*Charles*" is unaffected and pleasing in every grade of society, high or low; agreeable and agreeing, clever by *precedent*, for who ever heard of more than *one* headless Charles!

Truly, "*Charles*" is unexceptionable. Simple and natural, there is no torturing the name; neither anger nor fondness can distort or corrupt it. "*Charles*" *has no familiar, impertinent diminutive*, (think of *that*, Master Brook!) So far from it, "*Charles*" can only be pleasingly varied, as in the North, where he is endearingly called "*Charlie!*" Thus he suffers no loss (as most names do,) by acquiring an addition—a *truism* not far from an hibernicism—which may be coupled with the assertion that the name *gains* something by not *losing* anything.

There are many more instances that shall be *nameless*, wherefrom we might draw the same *infallible inferences*, but we must not wear the reader out, lest we lose our own title to the praise of *brevity*. We, therefore, briefly conclude, that, whether in male or female, simplicity of name is as desirable as simplicity of manner and dress is admirable; and so satisfied are we of the universal importance of such a conclusion, that we have seriously proposed, at the next session, to send up a Bill to Parliament for the prospective relief of *thousands* yet unborn, the proceeds of which we propose shall supersede one existing tax objectionable to the *million*, and which will only affect certain ill-judging people—the foolish *rich*,—who persist in encumbering their unconscious offspring with appellations analogically absurd, holding over those infatuated parents, *in terrorem*, a pecuniary consequence, a heavy fine for such barbarous excess.

By numbering *syllables* instead of *windows*, the revenue will be a gainer; the *Light Contractors* may place their pains and penalties upon the aforesaid *rich*, and the superseding "*Act*" will, where day-light enters, throw a stronger gleam of reason among the dark and dangerous population; and the understandings of "the people" will expand as the glorious light of day spreads wider over their domestic hearths, too long *Piteously* obscured.

The Great Giver of all good said, "*Let there be light!*" Man says so too, "but then," he adds, "you must *pay* for it!" Perish the thought! No. In bringing this Bill to pass we shall draw upon us the blessings of the sedentary and infirm, and infants *that never saw the light* will behold the "Act" rejoicingly. "Light after light, well used, they shall attain." Yea, "light, and understanding, and wisdom," for they will thus discover day from night in their homes, and light from darkness, while fines so levied will of necessity restrain the less favoured of fortune from rendering their children ridiculous through life, and enforce the adoption of Christian names of a prescript form and quantity, so that the owners may not, in years of *discretion*, when asked by those they love, what *name* they bear? be led to exclaim like Macbeth,

"THOU'LT BE AFRAID TO HEAR IT."

THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFEIN A COLONY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER," "THE ATTACHE."

THE TOMBSTONES.

After divine service yesterday we sauntered about the churchyard examining the tablets erected by the affection or vanity of the living, to perpetuate the virtues, or record the rank of the dead. In this stroll we were joined by Mr. Barclay, a colonial lawyer, whom I had several times met at the house of Judge Sandford. He is one of a numerous class of persons in these colonies, who, though warmly attached to British connexion, feel that they are practically excluded from imperial employment and the honours of the empire; and that no service rendered the government in a province opens the door to promotion out of it, or ensures due consideration within it in any department not entirely local in its object and management. A brother of his, an officer of distinguished merit, who by accident had been enabled to enter the naval service in his youth, had recently died a lieutenant of more than forty years standing.* His skill, his unblemished character, and his valuable services had been repeatedly acknowledged, but as often forgotten; and his case, which had been much commented upon of late in the English papers, as one of extreme hardship, had created great sympathy at a time, when, alas, sympathy was unavailing. He will not, however, have served his country in vain, if the dreadful sacrifice he has offered of a life of unrequited toil shall remove this distinctive badge of humiliation, and ameliorate the condition of his brave and loyal countrymen, the colonists of North America. Disappointment and grief at the unmerited neglect of his broken-hearted brother had soured a temper naturally cynical, and given a bitterness to Mr. Barclay's language, which the Judge, however, assured me was indicative rather of his habits than his feelings. He is one of those anomalous characters we sometimes meet, whose sarcastic tone and manner of conversation disguise a kind and good heart.

"Here," said my eccentric friend, Lawyer Barclay, as he is universally called, "here, as elsewhere, the receipt which the grave gives for a human being is written in a prescribed form. The name, the age, and the date of his death, are minutely and accurately entered. If he has filled an office of importance, or belonged to a learned profession, or served in the Assembly, and, above all, if he has been a member of the upper house of the legislature, and borne the title of Honourable, it is recorded at large; while, on the other hand, if he has derived his support from an honest trade, the dishonest tombstone refuses to mention it, lest it might wound the aristocratic feelings of his aspiring posterity. It is said that truth is to be found in the wine-butt and the depths of a well. If revealing the secrets of others be truth, wine may be the element it loves. The well can only give it when exhausted, and then the fact it has to communicate is found to be scarcely worth the trouble of the search, namely, that the well is empty. Whenever it is to be sought for, one thing is certain, it is not to be found on a tombstone. The broken-hearted husband who erects a monument to record his inconsolable grief for the loss of his wife, ere one short year has passed, or the sound of the sculptor's mallet has ceased, refutes the pompous falsehood by a second marriage; and eyes as bright, and voice as sweet as those that are closed by death, seduce him into a disavowal of his own words, 'Here lieth the best of wives,' and compel him to acknowledge 'Here the husband lies.' The disconsolate widow whose affections are buried in the grave of her dear husband, near whom she desires soom to repose in death, feels her heart reanimated with the genial warmth of returning spring. It rises from the earth with the primrose, shakes off its wintry torpor, and reappears with renewed life and vigour after a short seclusion. The admired of all admirers no longer refuses to be comforted. The churlish mister receives the homage of insincerity from his heir even after death, when his cold and mouldering ear can no longer listen to its flattering accents. A chaste and beautiful allegorical figure of affection is seen weeping over his urn, which rests on a pedestal that resembles a money chest; you are lost in doubt whether the tears so copiously shed are caused by unexpected legacies to others, or by the protracted delay of possession. This is a double fraud. It represents the dead as worthy of love, and the living as capable of loving. It is not gratitude, but a decent observance of a hypocritical custom. But why are men so shocked at the mention of that on a tombstone which the deceased published throughout his life to all the world. In this churchyard, numerous as the graves are, no man is designated as tailor, barber, butcher, baker, or shoemaker; yet, doubtless, there are scores of each who placed these ominous and forbidden words on their signs in the largest letters, and the most attractive and conspicuous form. There is, indeed, one exception, if such it can be called. This marble was erected to a man who is described as 'a ser-

*The lamented James Smith.

* The London *Times* of November the 8th, 1845, contains a biographical notice of the late Lieutenant William Pringle Green, R. N., a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia. After enumerating his eminent services, and valuable nautical inventions, it goes on to say:—"From 1842 until the time of his death, a few days since, he was not only unemployed, but unrewarded and neglected, though still devoting his time to the maturing inventions for the improvement of that service in which he was so ill-treated. He died at the age of sixty-one, more from the want of the common necessaries of life, than from a decay of nature; and has left a widow and seven daughters to subsist (if they can) upon the pitiful pension of a lieutenant's widow—a lieutenant *of forty-one years!!!*

vant,' but it was raised at the expense of 'a friend,' that styled himself his master, who, in enumerating his excellent qualities, has not forgotten to proclaim his own liberality, nor been ashamed to inform us that he has expended more money in extolling his services than in rewarding them. It has been said that the grave knows no distinctions. The rule is now reversed, it seems. All are not reduced by it to a level, for the level is on a summit, and all are elevated to it. Be it so; but then strike out all your degrees, your D. D.'s, your M. D.'s, the words Judge, Councillor, Barrister, Esquire, and let the rank of the dead be uniform. Of all places in the world a graveyard, at least, should be consecrated to truth.—As it is, it seems devoted to flattery, vanity, ambition, ostentation, and falsehood. All sects retain their peculiarities here, and endeavour to perpetuate them. A little more taste, and a little more expense in the monument (but with a contemptuous regard of veracity in its record,) indicate that a churchman is deposited there (for the Church in the colony embraces the greater part of the upper class of society.) A neat, plain, substantial one, with the modest assurance that the soul of the deceased was immediately conveyed to heaven, proclaims the saint to have been a Dissenter. The common Christian emblem of the Cross is more in use among Romanists than others, but you may identify them by their pious horror of Protestants. It would be dangerous to be found in such bad company, for the Pope has declared they cannot be saved; and who can question such high authority? They, therefore, very wisely lie apart from the dust that is polluted by heresy. If you are still in doubt, read one of the inscriptions, and a scrap of Latin sets the matter at rest. It is an appropriate tongue, for it is 'a dead language.' In this curtilage, then, which is the common burial place of all, sectarianism and fashion have found their way and offered their distinctive badges to their followers. The highway of life has been extended into the churchyard, and is thronged in its usual manner. Here are the haudsome equipages and expensive trappings of the rich, the sobriety of the middle-classes, and the destination of the nameless and unknown poor. The scale of colonial precedence survives mortality. The mitred bishop still regards with a condescending and patronising air the poor curate; and the grocer looks down from his marble monument upon his quondam labourer with his turf covering, and maintains his relative position in the society of the dead. The iron railing boasts of its quality and durability, and regards with pity or contempt the temporary and trumpery wooden enclosure.—The classic urn appeals only to the hearts of scholars, and the bust to the man of taste; while all look up to him who represented his king, and whose titles are almost as long as his eulogium—the old governor—the fountain of honour, and the distributor of patronage and of rank.

"Amid all this vanity—here and there is to be found some consistency—the antiquated virgin preserves her acidity of temper to the last. She is one of those of whom vulgar people so idly and flippantly predict 'that they dry, but never die.' Accustomed to hear such agreeable compliments, she anticipates the sneer or the smile of youth upon finding the word 'Miss' associated with seventy-four years of age; and as in life she maintained the privilege of the last word, so in death she claims a right to the first; and youth and beauty are admonished that ere long they must undergo the penalty of the law of their nature, and be humbled in the dust like herself. She thus avenges the slights and injuries of an unfeeling world, and, consistent to the last, evinces her fondness for disagreeable truths.

"The houses of this silent city are of various sizes. There are fashionable squares, there are streets of less pretension, and there are suburbs that are but little frequented, for they are the abodes of the lower orders. If you must dwell among the latter, it would be best to preserve a strict *incognito*. A mansion in St. Giles's would prove your habits to have been dissolute, your associates depraved, and your means exhausted. It would disgrace your posterity for ever. A respectable address is a letter of credit, but the occupant of mean lodgings is cut by his acquaintance and disowned by his family. If you would be regarded as a gentleman, you must associate with fashionable people, and reside among them. The churchyard, strange as it may seem, is a true but painful picture of life—ostentation without, corruption within; peace and quiet on the surface, but the worm at the heart. Ah, poor human nature! your last resting-place, the grave, would be eloquent, if you did not stifle its voice. Do not read these inscriptions, my friend," he continued, "there is no dependence to be placed on any thing but the figures; the tale they tell is not true. But come with me, and I will show you a grave that bears that upon it that carries conviction to the heart."

On a little mound in a distant corner of the churchyard was a grove of spruce-trees, enclosing a verdant spot of small dimensions. Here was a solitary grave, having at the foot a common field-stone to mark its termination; and, at the head, another of the same kind, one side of which was dressed with a chisel, and bore the inscription, "Mary Merton, 1840." The whole of this little plat of ground was enclosed by a rough rustic railing, having a small gate for the purpose of access. The grave was not covered with sods, but decorated with patches of forget-me-not and other simple flowers, emblematical of the feeling and the object with which they were placed there, and was encircled by white rose-bushes. At the upper part of the enclosure, but outside of the railing, stood a weeping willow, the light pendent tracery of which fell like the dishevelled hair of a mourner whose head was bending over the body it loved and lamented. The little spot was kept in perfect order, and tended with the most careful neatness.

"There, sir!" he said, "there, at least, is truth. That simple and natural embellishment is the votive offering of a poor widow to her only child. Those flowers are weeded by her hands, and watered with her tears. Where is the sting of death, or the victory of the grave, when, like that innocent and helpless victim, the dead survive decay and rise again to dwell in the hearts and affections of the living? It is refreshing to see simplicity and truth amid so much that is false and unnatural. This is a strange world. Take man individually, and there is much that is good and amiable in him; but take men collectively, and they are always rapacious or unjust. Parties are but combinations, under plausible pretences, to deceive the people; public departments are stern and cruel; governments are ungrateful; patronage is either blind and cannot distinguish, or selfish and capricious. A man who serves his country with ability and zeal is too apt to find at last, to his cost, that his country, like a corporate body, has neither a soul to think, a heart to feel, a head to remember, nor a spirit of liberality to reward.

"Come, come, my friend," said the judge, well knowing the cause of this bitter ebullition; "you have too much reason to complain, I fear, to do so calmly. Let us not enter into these speculations on this day and in this place. Let us rather yield to the influence of the objects around us. I, too, am fond of this spot for the lasting affection it exhibits. Fathers may forget their offspring, and children lose the remembrance of their parents; husbands and wives may be replaced, and brothers and sisters be to each other as strangers and even as foes, but the love of a mother endureth for ever. A father supplies the wants of his child from his purse, a mother from her bosom. Even the grave itself cannot extinguish her devotion. She mourns over her deceased infant in solitude and in silence. It is always before her. Its voice is in her ear, and its smile is in her heart. Memory raises up the little idol to her admiring eyes by day, and the too vivid dream reanimates it by night. Her maternal affections regard it as a living being, and she longs to fondle and embrace it, while the divinity within her sympathises with it as celestial, and invests it with the attributes of a ministering angel. She holds strange and mysterious communings with it, for love such as hers has an ideal world of its own. Her wounded spirit flutters against the barriers of its human prison, and strives to escape and join that which has 'put on immortality;' and, at last, when wearied with its ineffectual struggles, it yields in timid submission to the law of its nature,—it indulges the hope that that which is imperishable may be permitted to revisit the object of its love, and illumine, by its mystical presence, the depths of its gloom. Her grief, therefore, produces at last its own solace, and she cherishes it with an humble but firm reliance upon the mercy and goodness of God, that her child shall be fully restored to her in another and a better world, where they shall dwell together in unity for ever.

"There is something, as you say, about this little grave that is very attractive; for youth is innocent, and innocence is always an object of interest and of love. Age, on the contrary, is venerable, but not loveable. I see nothing in the termination of a ripe old age to occasion grief, unless there has been a misspent life. There is nothing to regret whereall, or more, has been given than was promised,—

'Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est.'

But youth, prematurely cut off, awakens many a painful reflection. I recollect being greatly struck with a monument erected to a young officer at Shelburne, who perished under very peculiar circumstances. The story itself is short and simple; as it is connected with the rise and fall of that ill-fated and melancholy town, I will give you the history of both together. Let us sit down on this tombstone, for it is a fitting seat from which to tell a tale of mortality. Last summer I made a tour of the province, and revisited the scenes of my former judicial labours. The growth and improvement of the country far exceeded my expectations. In many places where the road ran, a few years ago, through an unbroken forest, it was now bordered on either side by a continuous line of farms; and substantial houses and large herds of cattle evinced the condition of the new population. The towns and villages were greatly increased, and an improved system of husbandry had changed the whole appearance of the country. The habits of the people also had undergone an alteration for the better no less striking and gratifying. Still it was by no means a journey of unmixed pleasure. A generation had passed away, if not from life, from its business and duties. Many whom I had known I could not at first recognise: care, time, and disease, had not been idle. The young had become men, the men had grown old, and the old had died or withdrawn from view. I was a stranger among strangers. The houses I had frequented during the circuits were either enlarged, remodelled, or rebuilt. A new race of people welcomed me, and the well-known voice and the well-known face were nowhere to be heard or seen. My local interest was the same, but my personal interest had gone, and gone for ever.

At home, these changes are so gradual that they are almost imperceptible. The vacant place soon collapses, or is occupied by another, and harmonizes with all around. It becomes incorporated with the rest, and cannot be distinguished from it. In this manner an entire revolution is effected, and yet that revolution is so slow and so gradual in its growth, and contains so much to which we are daily accustomed, that the eye cannot discern where the old ceases or the new begins. But when we return to past scenes, after an absence of many years, the whole change bursts on our astonished view at once. We knew it as it was, we see it as it is, and we feel and know it is not the same. We are painfully reminded at the same time that we have been ourselves no less under the influence of this universal law of mutability: we return to our own, and our own knoweth us no more. The face of Nature, though here and there partially transformed by the hand of man, was in the main unaltered. The mountains, with their wavy outline distinctly marked against the clear blue sky, or their summits enveloped in mists, were the same as when my youthful eye first rested on them. The rivers, the valleys, the murmuring brooks, the wide-spread alluvian meadows, covered with grazing herds, the sheltered and placid lakes, and the rugged cliffs, and bold promontories that invaded the sea, or resisted its assaults, were all unchanged. The road also on the sea-shore wore the same familiar aspect, and the ceaseless roar of the ocean saluted my ear with the same voice that first awakened my adventurous hope to pass to that fatherland that lies beyond the great deep. At night, as I walked out meditating on the past, the pale silver moon and its starry host proclaimed that they also were unchanged, and recalled many a long-forgotten scene in years bygone, before all that has been was, or reflection came to teach us that youth has its shadow that increases as the day declines, and that that shadow is death. These visible objects of nature, therefore, become dearer and dearer to us as we advance in years. They are our early, our constant, and sole surviving friends, the same to-day and to-morrow, as they were of old. They are typical of Him who knoweth no change. As far as Shelburne, all was progressive or rapid improvement, but that unfortunate town was in ruins. It arose in the wilderness like a work of magic, but had hardly been erected before it was in a state of decay. Twelve or fourteen thousand emigrant loyalists from New York sought shelter in this remote place at the close of the war of rebellion in the year 1784, and built a large, commodious, and beautiful wooden town, at the head of the magnificent harbour of Roseway. In their haste or their necessity they overlooked the fact that a town requires a country to support it, unless a trade which has grown with its growth supplies its want upon equal terms. Remote from the other settlements of the province, surrounded by a trackless forest that covers a poor and stony soil, situated too far from the entrance of the harbour to reap the advantages of the fishing-grounds, and filled with a population unaccustomed to the mode and unequal to the fatigues of settling in a wilderness, it was impossible that a town so constituted could long exist. Some returned penyless and destitute to their native land, others removed to various parts of Nova Scotia, and the grave-yard, from year to year, received great numbers of those that were left behind, to mourn with broken hearts over their ruined fortunes, their hopeless and helpless condition, and their dreary exile. When I had last seen it, the houses were still standing, though untenanted. It had all the stillness and quiet of a moonlight scene. It was difficult to imagine it was deserted. The idea of repose more readily suggested itself than decay. All was new and recent. Seclusion, and not death or removal, appeared to be the cause of the absence of inhabitants. But now the houses which had been originally built of wood had severally disappeared. Some had been taken to pieces, and removed to Halifax or St. John's, others had been converted into fuel, and the rest had fallen a prey to neglect and decomposition. The chimneys stood up erect, and marked the spot round which the social circle had assembled, and the blackened fire-places, ranged one above another, bespoke the size of the tenement and the means of its owner. In some places they had sunk with the edifice, leaving a heap of ruins; while not a few were inclining to their fall, and awaiting the first storm to repose again in the dust that now covered those who had constructed them.—Hundreds of cellars, with their stone walls and granite partitions, were everywhere to be seen, like uncovered monuments of the dead. Time and decay had done their work. All that was perishable had perished, and those numerous vaults spoke of a generation that had passed away forever, and without the aid of an inscription, told a tale of sorrow and of sadness that overpowered the heart. A few new houses had recently been erected, and a few of the old had been snatched from decay and repared; but of the thousands of inhabitants this town once contained, four or five survivors alone remained, and the entire population did not exceed two thousand souls. They were all attached to the place, and spoke confidentially of its revival, fondly of its noble harbour, and proudly of its former prosperity. Every spot had its little history. Here the pilgrims first landed, and this spacious street was the first that was cut out through the woods. On that bridge the bands of the regiments assembled on a summer's evening to play the tunes of their fatherland. In the house which once stood over this large cellar, Field-Marshal Beresford was quartered when a young officer in the garrison, and in that sedgy piece of ground was wounded in the face by an accidental discharge from the gun of a brother sportsman. On that eminence, on the opposite side of the harbour, stood extensive barracks, capable of accommodating three regiments; and on the point of land that terminates King's Street was a heavy battery, the guns of which, corroded by time, lie half-buried in the earth, for, alas! there is nothing now to defend. At this corner stood the great hotel of Shelburne, where the weekly balls were held, and the beauty and fashion of the old colony of New York (for the Loyalists were principally gentry) assembled for the last time. Driven into exile by their rebel countrymen, and environed in the country of their adoption by poverty, and a dim and lowering future, they vainly sought to fly from regret, and lose the painful memory of the past in festivity and amusement. That spacious church, which is now so far from the village, was once in the centre of this large town; and the number of the graves in the cemetery bears a frightful disproportion to the present population. While strolling one afternoon through the deserted and grass-grown street that passes in front of this building, my attention was attracted by a very handsome and apparently new monument, which appeared to have been just erected,—probably to one of the last of this ill-fated emigration. It was built of the beautiful granite that abounds in the neighbourhood, and its fresh-chiselled surface glistened in the sun, as its rays fell on the bright and polished particles of mica embedded in its indestructible substance. It was a costly structure, not in keeping with the means of the present inhabitants, and evidently could not have been executed by any workman then resident at Shelburne. It occurred to me that, perhaps, the affection or the piety of a child had erected this tribute to the memory or misfortunes of a parent, who had found rest at last in this secluded spot. My curiosity was excited, and, opening a little gate, I entered the yard to ascertain from the inscription the name and history of this venerable patriarch. I was, however, astonished to find that it was nearly as old as the town, and designed, not for one of the pilgrims, but for a young officer who had been drowned in the harbour. The inscription was as follows:—

Sacred
to the Memory of
Patrick Maxwell, Esq.,
Ensign in His Majesty's 61st or first
Warwickshire Infantry,
and Son of
Sir William Maxwell,
of Spring Hill, Bart., N. B.,
who was unfortunately upset
in a Sail-boat,
10th July, 1790, and
drowned.
Etat. 19,
deeply regretted by
his afflicted parents,
and all who knew him.

"His untimely and melancholy death is unhappily one of daily occurrence, and only distinguishable from others of the same kind by a trait of generous manliness that deserves to be recorded. I have just told you there was a large battery and guard-house at the termination or commencement of King's Street, and very extensive barracks on the opposite side of the harbour,—an arrangement which had, probably, been adopted for the greater seclusion and better management of the troops. Between these two stations boats were constantly passing and repassing, either on business or pleasure. On the day mentioned on the tablet, a victualling barge, containing a party of soldiers and two officers, was struck about the centre of the harbour by a heavy squall, and upset, and every soul on board perished, with the exception of the sergeant. Young Maxwell was one of the unfortunate sufferers."* The sergeant, who was an expert swimmer, generously took him on his back, and struck out boldly for the shore. Miscalculating his power, however, he swam too hastily, and had not proceeded far before his strength began to fail. Maxwell, as soon as he perceived him falter, expressed his determination to relieve him of the burden he had so kindly assumed. He exhorted him to be cool and collected, to proceed slowly, but, above all things, to persevere on account of his wife and children; and then, bidding him adieu, relinquished his hold, and sank to rise no more. My first feeling on reading the inscription was one that is common to us all when we hear of the untimely death of the young, but reflection soon took another turn. If now living, he would have been seventy-five years of age,—a tottering, decrepit old man like myself, full of years and infirmities. Had he been then spared, I asked myself, would he have survived till this day? Or would disease have put in its claim, or the battle-field held him as a victim? Was ignominy avoided or honour lost by that event? Would his career in life have been unmarked, or has a name perished that was destined to grace the pages of his country's history? All, alas! is hidden in impenetrable mystery. But reason and religion alike teach us this great consolatory truth, that a wise and merciful Providence orders all things for the best.

"As regards monuments, however, I agree with you, Barclay, I neither approve of the imagery, emblems, or language we use. Less flattery and more truth, less reference to worldly vanities and more resignation to the will of God, a total exclusion of heathen allegories and the introduction of such only as are of Christian origin, would be infinitely more appropriate and becoming. If we are to be addressed from the grave, it should be in language calculated to make us wiser and better men; for we do not seek these solitudes to gratify our tastes, but to purify our hearts, and to enable us, by a contemplation of the fate of others, to prepare for the inevitable approach of our own."—*Fraser's Mag.*

* On the reverse side of this monument was an inscription of a similar nature to Lieutenant Nicholas Ball, of the same regiment, who perished on this occasion. Both bodies were deposited in one grave.

REMARKABLE FEMALE CRIMINALS,

THE POISONERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY—SECOND PART.

In the year 1825, a gentleman, named Rumpff, established himself in a house in Bremen, which belonged to and was also inhabited by a widow lady named Gottfried. She was by universal consent a charming woman; her manners were fascinating, and her person, which in her youth was said to have been extremely beautiful, was still very attractive and agreeable.

She was, however, unfortunate. Two husbands, her father, her mother, her brother, and several children had all died within a very short period of time. She had actually had the pain of herself ordering thirteen coffins of the undertaker who lived opposite to her—and these for her nearest and dearest friends. She had, it is true, had the consolation of nursing them all during their last sickness—a duty which she had discharged with the most exemplary assiduity and tenderness. Every body pitied her; religion was her refuge, and a pious resignation to the inscrutable decrees of Providence alone supported her under these multiplied calamities. Her case, in short, excited so much commiseration, that she was publicly prayed for in church by a minister of high reputation and signal piety.

She was not only received in good society, but although originally born and wedded in the burgher class, her company was courted by persons of high rank and consideration. She had had many suitors; had been twice married, and was now forty years of age; still she was by no means without claimants for her hand. Her personal agrémens, elegantly furnished house, and easy fortune, rendered her a desirable match; and the parents of the enamoured youths wished nothing better than to have Madame Gottfried for a daughter-in-law. But she declined their proposals. On his death bed she had promised her dear Gottfried, of blessed memory, never to give that hand to another; and she intended to keep her word.

Still, with all these extraordinary advantages and recommendations, her ill-fortune was undeniable; every body connected with her died. Some people looked upon her as a sort of Job, a monument of suffering and patience; one whom the Lord had selected to chastise for the good of her soul, and to furnish a lesson of resignation and submission to mankind. She herself took this view of the case; whilst others secretly hinted that they had heard there was something poisonous in her breath, which was fatal to those who inhaled it.

It was not without many expostulations from his friends, that Mr. Rumpff established himself in the house of this amiable but ill-starred lady. He, however was no believer in stars, good or ill; and had no idea of resigning a residence that suited him, on such absurd grounds; and for some little time he certainly felt he had every reason to congratulate himself on his decision. The most gratifying relations established themselves betwixt his family and the friendly widow, who seemed to have nothing in the world to do but to make herself agreeable to them. Her kindness to the young people was quite remarkable; but unfortunately, at the end of eight weeks, this general joy was interrupted, by the death of Madame Rumpff, who was seized with a vomiting shortly after her confinement, which carried her off in a few hours.

Nothing could exceed the attentions of Madame Gottfried; she never quitted the bedside of the dying woman, whose best consolation, in her last moments, was, that she left behind her so kind a friend to protect her orphans and comfort her bereaved husband. The hopes and wishes of the departed mother were, in this respect, fulfilled to the letter. Madame Gottfried managed the house, overlooked the servants, cherished the children, and, by her pious exhortations, allayed the anguish of the father. In the family she always went by the appellation of aunt Gottfried.

But ill-fortune still clung to her. The maid and the nurse who had been engaged to take care of the child, became extremely ill; and the latter finally quitted the house, declaring that she saw clearly that she never should be well whilst she remained in it.

Presently, Mr. Rumpff's journeymen and apprentices began to vomit; and some months after his death he was himself seized with a similar indisposition. A healthy and strong-minded man, he exerted himself to struggle against the malady; and even fancied that the boys who worked in his manufactory, but ate their meals in his house, were merely diverting themselves by aping him, when he heard them straining and vomiting too.

But resistance was vain; he could keep nothing on his stomach; every thing he ate caused him the most excruciating agonies, and his formerly blooming health declined from day to day. Neither the remedies he had recourse to himself, nor those of the physician, were of the least avail. He grew worse and worse; he lost the use of his fingers and toes; his body was as weak as an infant's; and his mind seemed to be threatened with a similar degree of imbecility. He racked his imagination to discover the cause of these extraordinary inflictions, and, like a man seeking for some hidden treasure, he ransacked every corner of his house from top to bottom. He never thought of poison; but he fancied there must be some decaying substance about the house, that exhaled a vapour fatal to the health of all who inhabited it. He had the boards lifted, and the walls examined; but in vain; nothing could be discovered.

At length the strong mind so far gave way, as to admit a doubt, whether there might not indeed be some unknown and invisible influences—some spirits of ill, that pursued mankind to their destruction; wasting their bodies and withering their minds. But here again aunt Gottfried came to his aid; she watched over him like a mother; bade him trust in God; and when he described to her his sleepless nights of anguish, she earnestly wished him such sweet rest as blessed her own pillow.

This state of things had continued for upwards of a year, and nobody believed Mr. Rumpff would be long an inhabitant of this world, when, having ordered a pig to be killed for the use of his family, the butcher sent him a small choice bit of the animal to taste, by way of specimen. As the pork was not only very good, but sat more easily on his stomach than anything he had lately taken, he deposited the remains of it in a closet for his next day's luncheon. He was rather surprised, however, on going to take it from the cupboard, to find it was not as he had left it. He had placed the rind underneath, but it had since been turned; and, on looking more closely, he was startled by perceiving some grains of a white powder sprinkled over it; the more so, that he immediately remem-

bered to have remarked the same appearance on a salad, and on some broth which had been lately served to him.

On the former occasions, he had applied to his good housekeeper, aunt Gottfried, to know what it was; and she had declared it to be grease. But now, for the first time, a dreadful suspicion possessed him; could it be poison? He said nothing; but secretly sent for his physician; a chemical investigation soon revealed the mystery—the white powder was arsenic.

The discovery was made on the 5th of March; on the 6th, after a cursory examination, Madame Gottfried was arrested. She was found in bed, and said she was ill; but they carried her away to prison, nevertheless.

The tidings of this most unexpected catastrophe soon spread over the city, and the dismay of its inhabitants was past all expression. A lady so beloved, so respected! So amiable, so friendly, so pious! Then came dark suspicions relative to the past—the strange mortality, the singular similarity of the symptoms that had attended the last illnesses of all who had died in that house. People scarcely dared whisper their thoughts—but the reality far exceeded their imaginations; and the proceedings against Madame Gottfried disclosed a tissue of horrors, which, all circumstances considered, seem to surpass those of any case on record. Her crimes, combined with her successful hypocrisy, and powers of fascination, were so terrific, that in the orderly and pious city of Bremen, to this day, strange rumours and superstitions survive amongst the people connected with the history of "Aunt Gottfried." They believed that she tickled her children to death, in order to make a poisonous broth of their flesh; that there was a vault under the house unknown to all but herself, where she prepared her poisons, and performed all sorts of devilish deeds; that she had the evil eye, and had slain innumerable children by merely looking at them; and they were, moreover, thoroughly convinced that she was born a murderess from her mother's womb, and inherited from her parent two books, which contained instructions for all sorts of demoniacal practices.

It is not to be wondered at that the ignorant should have sought in the supernatural, an explanation of a phenomenon which confounded the experience of the most enlightened.

On being conducted to the city prison Madame Gottfried denied all knowledge of the crime she was accused of; but a secret here came to light that astonished the beholders little less than the previous disclosures. Before being conducted to the cell in which she was to be confined, she was, according to established regulations, placed in the hands of the female attendants to be examined; and then, to their amazement, it was discovered that the lovely and admired Madame Gottfried was nothing but a hideous skeleton. Her fine complexion was artificial—her graceful embonpoint was made up of thirteen pairs of corsets which she wore one over the other; in short, every thing was false about her; and when stripped of her factitious attractions, she stood before the amazed spectators an object no less frightful from her physical deformities than from her moral obliquity.

The effects of this exposure upon her own mind were curious; her powers of deception failed her—the astonishment and indignation she had assumed vanished; she attempted no further denials, but avowed her guilt at once, not in all its fearful details; it took two years to do that. She gave the narrative of her crimes piecemeal, as they recurred to her memory; for she had committed so many, that one had effaced the other from her mind. Even at the last, she admitted that she was by no means certain of having mentioned every body to whom she had administered poison.

She was the daughter of a lady's tailor or man milliner called Timm—a man of the most industrious and orderly habits, an assiduous reader of the Scriptures and regular attendant at church. She and a brother, who entered the world at the same moment as herself, were born on the 6th of March, 1785. The young man was wild, and joined the army of Napoleon; but Gesche was a model of perfection. Her person was delicate, almost ethereal—her countenance open and attractive, with a smile of benignity ever on her lips—her movements were graceful, her manners bewitching, her demeanour modest, and her conduct unexceptionable. She was held up as a pattern to the young; and Father Timm, as he was called, was considered blest in the possession of such a daughter.

One thing, however, seems pretty clear, namely—that although the parents led unexceptionable lives, and were what is commonly called *highly respectable people*—and though the daughter received what is ordinarily considered a virtuous education, the whole was the result of merely worldly motives. There was no foundation of principle—no sense of the beauty of virtue, nor delight in its practice for its own sake. The only object recognized was to gain the approbation and good will of mankind; and when Gesche Timm found she could attain that end as well by the simulation as by the reality of virtue, she chose the former as the easier of the two.

Her first initiation into crime seems to have been by the way of petty thefts, which she practised on her parents, and of which she allowed her brother, whose frequent misdemeanours laid him more open to suspicion, to bear the blame. Five years of impunity at length emboldened her to purloin a considerable sum belonging to a lady who lodged in the house. Father Timm, as usual, fell upon his son; but the mother, who appears by this time to have got an inkling of the truth, bade him hold his hand, and she would presently tell him who was the thief. Accordingly she went out and returning in about half an hour, said she had been to a wise woman, who had shown her the face of the real delinquent in a mirror. Whilst she spoke, she fixed her eyes significantly on the "angel of a daughter;" who finding she was discovered, had the prudence to discontinue her practices. The affair, however, was hushed up; and Gesche's character remained as fair in the eyes of the world as before.

At twelve years of age, her school education being completed, she was retained at home to do the house work and help her father. She also kept his books; and made herself so useful by her diligence and her readiness as an accountant, that he was more than ever delighted with her, and was induced to commit his affairs more and more to her management; an advantage of which she did not fail to avail herself after her own peculiar fashion. Meantime, she was cheerful, obedient, pious, and charitable. She was her parent's almoner, and was taught to believe that the prayers and blessings of the poor were the sure passport to Heaven—a persuasion that influenced her whole subsequent life; for whilst she administered poison with one hand, she administered charity with the other, secure in the belief that the good she did would efface the evil.—She had tears, too, ready on all occasions: she wept when her father prayed and sang his morning hymn; and she wept when her victims, writhing in anguish, called on God to pity them and release them from their pains.

Yet, was she a woman of no violent passions. She was neither avaricious, luxurious, nor even sensual; although later in life her lapses from chastity might have given colour to the suspicion. She was cold, calm and self-possessing. Her ruling passion was vanity, and an inordinate desire to be admired and respected in the small and humble sphere that surrounded her.

Her amusements were dancing, in which her parents allowed her to take lessons, and acting plays, wherein she greatly distinguished herself. As she was the prettiest, and also the cleverest amongst the young people, the best parts were assigned to her, as well as the most ornamental attire the theatrical wardrobe could produce; so that each representation became to her a triumph, and was anticipated with the most eager delight. However, the truth was, that Gesche's whole life was acting; and there have been very few such consummate comedians seen, either on the boards, or the larger stage of the world. For forty-three years she maintained her part to such perfection, that no suspicion had ever entered into men's minds that she had any other character than the one she appeared in.

In order to augment her attractions and powers of pleasing, she was desirous of learning music; but Father Timm not only thought this expense beyond his means, but considered so refined an accomplishment ill adapted to a girl who had to do the work of a house-servant, and daily appear before the door with a broom in her hand. He, however, proposed that she should learn French, and she made an apparent progress that delighted her master; but like everything else about her, it was only apparent. She had considerable aptness, but no application. Study wearied her, she employed an acquaintance to prepare her lessons for her, desiring him to be careful to leave an error or two, to avoid suspicion. The little she picked up of the language, however, helped her to play her part in life, when she had risen into another grade of society.

Gesche, or Gesina, as she now called herself, had rejected several offers of marriage, when being one evening at the theatre with her friend Marie Heckendorf, she was persecuted by the too obtrusive attentions of a stranger, who appeared by his air to be a person of some distinction. A young neighbour of the Timm's family, whose name was Miltenburg, stept forward to protect her, and see her home; and from that occasion an intimacy sprang up between them which terminated in marriage.

Though the son of a man in exceedingly good circumstances, and in point of condition a very advantageous match for Gesina, young Miltenburg's reputation was not quite *intacte*. He had been drawn in at an early age to marry a woman of very indifferent character, who had introduced him into a good deal of dissipation and loose company. The wife was dead, but the vices she had encouraged had not died with her. The young man's health, as well as his morals and his father's fortune, were injured by the life he led; and in spite of her humble station old Miltenburg was deligh ted to accept so virtuous and exemplary a daughter-in-law as Gesina. He testified his approval by a handsome settlement; and whilst the young lady and her parents exulted in this unexpected stroke of fortune, the world in general lamented that so lovely and incomparable a creature should be thrown away on an exhausted debauchee.

The marriage ceremony was performed in Mr. Miltenburg's picture-gallery. Over Gesina's head hung a fine Madonna and Child by one of the old masters; on one side of it, Jesus distributing the bread and wine; on the other, a head of St. Peter—it was exactly on the spot where she afterwards poisoned her mother.

The young bride had no regard for her husband; but the circumstances of the marriage gratified her vanity and self-love to the utmost. She had brought peace into a house where there had been nothing but strife and contention. Her virtues shone the brighter from the dark ground of her predecessor's vice. She was exalted into a goddess; father and son worshipped her, and power and dominion were given to her over the whole household. Her husband made her superb presents, and sought by all manner of pleasures and indulgences to make her amends for those imperfections which he was conscious his dissolute life had entailed upon him, and which incapacitated him from winning the affections of a young bride.

In the present case, however, it is extremely problematical whether there were any affection to win: but her vanity soon found a suitor, if not her heart. A young wine-merchant, of the name of Gottfried, whom she met at a ball took her fancy, and an intimacy sprung up between them, which seems to have met with no opposition on the part of the husband. A second lover, named Karnov, was equally well received. Previous, however, to these lapses from duty, she had several confinements, the results of which appears to have been an extraordinary degree of leaness; a defect which she remedied by putting on an additional pair of corsets, as occasion required. The seventeen pairs which were found in her wardrobe at her death, were sold in Bremen for so small a sum as two groschen; people being unwilling to have anything to do with them. It was supposed they were endowed with some magical properties. They had certainly done a great deal of harm to their possessor; for she had materially injured her health, and aggravated the defect she was so anxious to conceal, by compressing her waist with them.

Gottfried appears to have been a good looking, agreeable, light-hearted, and rather accomplished man. He had a well-selected library, played the guitar, and published two volumes of songs. Her inclination for him seems to have approached more nearly to a passion than any she entertained; whilst his assiduities appear to have been chiefly prompted by his flattered vanity, and a desire to enjoy the comforts and pleasures of Miltenburg's house.

These comforts and pleasures were in some jeopardy from young Miltenburg's improvidence and inattention to his business; and his wife began to question with herself seriously, what was the value of his life; and what was the use of his living at all, with a constitution so ruined as to be incapable of any enjoyment. About this period, namely, in 1813, old Miltenberg, the father, died, as it was afterwards established, from natural causes; but this was her first introduction to the grim tyrant, and she seems to have been determined to make herself thoroughly familiar with his features at once. She astonished everybody by her constant visits to the chamber of death; and the manner in which she contemplated the features, and pressed the hands of the deceased.

From this time the idea of getting rid of her husband gradually ripened into an uncontrollable desire: but she was at a loss how to set about it. In the meanwhile, in order to augment the interest felt for herself, and reconcile the world to his loss, she maligned him on all hands; whilst she supplied herself with money, by robbing both him and other persons who lived under the roof with her, and exercised her extraordinary powers of dissimulation, by averting all suspicion from herself. She was still, in the eyes of the world, the most charming and exemplary of women.

Her resolution to despatch her husband, who, whatever his faults were, was only too kind and indulgent to her, was confirmed by a fortune-teller, whom, about this time, she consulted. The woman told her that every one belonging to her would die off; and that she would then spend the remainder of her life in prosperity and happiness. She afterwards said that her choice of the means was decided by seeing a play of Kotzebue's, in which some amiable and interesting hero attains his objects by poisoning every one who stands in the way of them. She, however, from a remarkable degree of delicacy towards her own conscience, always avoided the use of the offensive words *murder* or *poison*—she had recourse to the dainty paraphrase of "giving a person something."

She now recollected that her mother used to combat the rats and mice, with which her house was infested, with arsenic; and, under pretence that she wanted it for the same purpose, she asked for some. The mother gave it her, bidding her be very cautious to keep it from the children. After an interval, during which her heart seems to have failed her, she administered the first dose to her husband, at breakfast. When he had finished his repast, the poor man went out, whilst she "ascended the stairs, and looked out of the window after him, wondering whether he would be brought home dead."

He was not brought home, but returned of his own accord, and took to his bed; where she continued to "give him something," as occasion required. The sufferings of the unfortunate victim were frightful, and for the last four days she kept out of his room; not, as she admitted, from any conscientious pangs, but from an apprehension that he would suspect her; but she stood at the door, listening to his cries and groans. Unhappily for the many she afterwards conducted through the same path of anguish, to the grave, she was not suspected. On the contrary, he died, committing his wife and child to the care of Gottfried.

She was very apprehensive that the body might have suggested some unpleasant ideas to the mother, who had so lately supplied her with arsenic; and when they were nailing down the coffin, she thought "Miltenburg would surely awake with the knocking!"

But no such unfortunate event interfered with her plans. Her father undertook to settle her affairs, and when all was arranged, she found herself a rich widow. She had suitors too, and offers of marriage, but her preference for Gottfried, who, before her husband's death, had become an inmate of the house, and still remained so, continued undiminished. He, however, made no proposals; and her parents having openly declared that she should never marry him with their consent, she began to entertain serious thoughts of removing that obstacle, "by giving them something too."

Remorse of conscience she had never felt; the only feeling that occasionally clouded her satisfaction in the success of her schemes, was the fear of discovery. As time advanced and impunity gave her confidence, the apprehension in a great degree subsided. The extraordinary strength of her nerves is evinced by the following circumstance. She related, whilst in confinement, that shortly after the death of Miltenburg, as she was standing, in the dusk of the evening, in her drawing-room, she suddenly saw a bright light hovering at no great distance above the floor. It advanced towards the bed-room door and then disappeared. This recurred on three successive evenings. On another occasion she saw a shadowy appearance hovering near her—"Ach! denke ich, das ist Miltenburg seine Erscheinung!" "Alas! thought I, that is the ghost of Miltenburg."

Yet did not this impression stay her murderous hand. During the rest of her life, and especially when in prison, she declared she was visited by the apparitions of those she had poisoned; indeed it was, at last, the terrors these spectres inspired her with, that won her to confession.

It is a very remarkable fact, that for several years Madame Gottfried had a servant girl, called Beta Cornelius, who was her at one of the most honest, industrious, and pure-minded creatures that ever existed, living in intimate and close communion with her, who not continued to believe her an angel of goodness. So exalted, indeed was the girl's opinion of her mistress, that she became occasionally the unconscious instrument of her crimes; and so great was her respect, that she was silent about whatever she saw; and whatever she was desired to do, she did without question or suspicion.

In the meantime, Gottfried's proposals were not forthcoming; and believing him to be withheld by the objections her parents made to the match, on the one hand, and by the consideration of her having a family of children, on the other, she thought it was time to remove these obstacles out of his way. She said that her resolution, with respect to her parents, had been fortified by the pious and frequently expressed wishes of the old people, that neither might long survive the other. She also consulted several fortune-tellers, who all predicted the mortality that was to ensue amongst her connexions. She made no secret of this prophecy; but, on the contrary, frequently lamented that she knew she was doomed to lose her children and all her relations. She always concluded these communications by pious ejaculations, expressing a most perfect resignation to the will of Providence. "God's will be done! The ways of the Lord are inscrutable, and we must bow to his decrees," &c. &c.

About this time, Frau Timm, the mother, was seized with an indisposition, which continued for a fortnight, and inspired the daughter with lively hopes that the good woman was going to save her the trouble of helping her out of the world. She did not die, however; and as this illness occurred just as the old couple were changing their residence, the invalid took shelter in her daughter's house, to get out of the way of the bustle. Here she was lodged in a finely furnished apartment, which she remarked was much too grand for an humble body like her; but Madame Miltenburg, smiling, bade her fancy herself in childbed, a jest which so took the old lady's fancy, that "she shook her sides with laughter."

Three days after this Frau Timm, having requested her daughter to step home, for the purpose of fetching some little article she wanted, Madame Miltenburg discovered, amongst her mother's household goods, a small packet of ratsbane, "which, it appeared to her, Providence had laid in her way." She carried it away with her; and on the ensuing night she could not sleep for the thoughts this acquisition suggested.

However, the mother had a relapse, and again the daughter hoped she would leave the world without her aid; but again she was disappointed; and, becoming impatient, she mixed some arsenic in a glass of lemonade, the favourite beverage of the invalid. Just as she was about to administer it, her own little boy, Heinrich, came into the room with a book he had been reading, and asked his grandmother if it were true, "that the hand of the undutiful child would grow out of the grave." Gesina said that the boy's innocent question had cut her to the soul; but it did not stay her hand. As she presented the fatal draught to the old woman, three swallows flew into the room, and settled on the bed; the mother, smiling, said, "see the three pretty birds;" but the knees of the murderess shook, and her heart beat, for she thought they were the harbingers of death? She declared that such a thing had never happened before or since; that no swallows built about the house, or frequented the neighbourhood.

The poison did its work; the dying woman took the sacrament, and bade a tender adieu to her husband and daughter, committing her absent son to the care of the latter. She bade the old man rejoin her quickly in heaven; and he, pressing her hand affectionately, answered, "that in two months he would follow her."

Gesina related, that, whilst she was mixing the poison for her mother, she was seized with such a violent fit of laughter, that she was almost frightened at herself; but she comforted herself with the idea, that "her mother would soon so laugh in heaven." By the body, she felt neither pity nor remorse; she was, on the contrary, cheerful, and fortified in the resolution to remove all obstacles out of the way of her desires. Accordingly, on the day of the interment, which was the 10th of May, she gave her youngest girl, Johanna, some arsenic on a bit of the funeral cake. The child fell ill immediately. Mr. Gottfried quieted it with some wine and water, and put it to bed. An hour afterwards, when the mother looked into the cradle, the child was dead. A few days had only elapsed when she despatched her eldest daughter, Adeline, in the same manner. The little girl died in her arms; she was a beautiful child; and when she was gone, the mother had a picture, which happened to resemble her, very handsomely framed, and hung in her own room, calling it 'her beloved Adeline."

The poor old grandfather was greatly affected by the death of the children; and he daily visited the grave where they and his wife were laid; but his daughter comforted him with her filial attentions. One day, about a fortnight after the death of Johanna, she gave him when he called on her, a nice basin of soup. He relished it exceedingly; and told her that her tender care would prolong his life. When he had taken the soup she accompanied him to his own house, and then left him. That night she did not undress herself or go to bed, for she knew that she would be sent for.

In the morning, about four o'clock, the expected message came. Father Timm was very ill and wished to see his beloved daughter. She went, and remained with him till he died. Several witnesses who recalled the circumstances of the old man's death, declared that whilst she attended him, she was not only calm, but cheerful. She remembered that wine and water had relieved the sufferings of Johanna, and went to fetch some for her father. When she returned, he was sitting on the ground, talking of his blessed wife, whom he said he saw sitting on the bed waiting for him. He died on the 28th of June.

These deaths caused neither suspicion nor surprise. Her little son Henry alone asked her why God took all her children from her. She said, this question was a dagger in her heart, for Henry was her favourite child. This did not, however, prevent her poisoning him, also, in the ensuing month of September. He seems to have been a remarkably interesting boy, and his sufferings were so intense, that monster as she was, she relented for a moment as she stood by his bedside. She sent for milk, which she believed to be an antidote; but the child died in inexpressible agonies. He also said he saw those waiting for him that had gone before. "Oh mother!" cried he, "see Adeline there! She is standing by the stove. How she smiles on me. There is my father too! I shall soon be with them in heaven!" Was there ever fiction so tragic as this!

The rapidity with which all these members of her family had descended to the grave, at length began to excite some notice, and her friends recommended a post mortem examination of the last sufferer. The doctor declared the child had died from intus-susception of the bowels; nobody thought of disputing his judgment; and no more was thought of the matter, except that the amiable Madame Miltenburg was the most unfortunate of women.

These events were followed by a very severe illness which attacked herself, and brought her also to the brink of the grave; without, however, producing any moral effect in her character. The only influence it had on her conduct was, that from this time she endeavoured to set up a balance of good works, that should outweigh her crimes. She not only relieved the poor that applied to her for aid; but she sought them out in all directions. Amongst other beneficent acts, she presented a sister of her father's with a bit of land that had fallen to her with the rest of the old man's property.

Her next victim was her brother, who returned very inopportunely from the wars, an invalid and a cripple. There were several powerful motives for putting him out of the way. She was ashamed of him in every point of view. He was not a creditable relation for so elegant a person as Madame Miltenburg; he would be an impediment to her marriage with Gottfried; and he would doubtless claim a share of the inheritance.

He arrived on the Friday; and on the Sunday following she poisoned him. He died, raving about his horse and his mistress; and crying "Vive L 'Empereur!" This was on the 1st of June, 1816, a year after the decease of her former victims.

All obstacles were now removed, and yet Gottfried made no proposals, although she nursed him through a severe sickness, and her attentions to him were unremitting. At length, however, she became in the family-way, and her honour was at stake. Once and again he promised to marry her, and still drew back; whether influenced by aversion, or an indistinct presentiment of evil, does not appear. For her part, passion was satisfied, and love extinct; but she wanted his name, rank, and inheritance. She got her friends to interfere, and the backward lover, at length, gave his word. When they had been asked twice in church, however, she reflected that as he married her on compulsion, they never would be happy together; and that it would be advisable "to give him something too." Nay, that it would be better to do it at once. When he found himself at the point of death, he would assuredly marry her, and she thus secured the name and the fortune, without the burthen attached to them.

She poisoned him with some almond milk and arsenic, on the day the marriage was proclaimed, and the final ceremony was performed whilst he was writhing in agony. Before he died, he exacted from her a promise that she would never take a third husband; and she declined all subsequent proposals on the plea of this promise to her "blessed Gottfried."

Nobody suspected her; who could have supposed that she had poisoned this long-desired husband on her wedding day?

She was now Madame Gottfried, Countess of Orlamünde, and from the year 1819 to 1823 she made no use of her dreadful secret; but although she had removed husbands, children, and parents out of her path, was she happy? No; she was alone and wretched. This she admitted in her confessions; and also that after the death of her little Heinrich she had often felt remorse. "She could not bear to see other people happy with their children; the sight of the joyous young creatures passing her house as they came from school pierced her to the heart; she would shut herself up in her room and weep; and when the clear moon shone over her head she would survey the estate of which she was now the sole possessor, and ask herself how she had earned it!"

But these glimpses of humanity were of short duration. It appeared that "the blessed Gottfried," as she always called him, had debts; there were claims on his estate, and as she spent a good deal of money, and dispensed considerable sums in charity, she soon found herself in want of funds. At this period she seems to have formed a *liaison* with a certain

Mr. X., a gentleman of family and fortune; but being an influential person, the particulars of his intimacy with her never transpired. Certain it is, however, that he lent her large sums of money, but fortunately for himself he made no advances without taking her bond for the debt. This precaution saved his life; she could have poisoned him but she could not annihilate the papers. He was the only person connected with her who never tasted of her deadly drugs.

Her acquaintance with this gentleman seems to have introduced her to a great many pleasures. He gave her *fêtes* and parties, presented her with opera tickets, and showered on her all manner of gifts and gallantries. To use her own expressions, "she began to live again; she forgot the past, and thought herself the happiest person in the world!" She had a great many suitors for her hand, and she was surrounded by friends who revered her as a suffering angel. She affected to be very religious; the poor blessed her, and the rich respected her. This was in 1819; and she looked upon these as some of the happiest days of her life.

The next person she helped out of the world was a gentleman of the name of Zimmerman. He wished to marry her, but marriage, as she admitted in her confessions, was by this time out of the question. Her whole life was a lie; there was no truth about her, inside or out. Her body was made up of paint and paddings, and her conduct was a tissue of deceit and hypocrisy. She could risk no close communion, nor intimate inspection; but although she could not marry him she could borrow money of him on the strength of his love. This she did, and as he had not the prudence of Mr. X. she poisoned him to get rid of the debt.

She also gave a few doses to her old friend Maria Heckendorf, who offended her by some untimely advice—not enough to kill the poor woman, but sufficient to deprive her of the use of her hands and feet, which, as she lived by her labour, was almost as bad.

After the death of Zimmerman she made a visit to Hanover, where she seems to have been received in the highest society, and to have been universally *fêted* and admired She received especial kindnesses from a family of the name of Klein, who were irresistibly fascinated by the charms of her manner. During her residence there she wrote the most affectionate letters to the suffering Maria Heckendorf, offering to pay the expenses of her illness, and recommending her resignation to the inflictions of Providence.

Her return to Bremen, however, was less agreeable. She there found her creditors troublesome, and she administered poison in greater or less quantities to a variety of people. One of the most lamentable cases was that of a young woman, a teacher of music called Anne Myerholtz. who by her industry supported a blind father, eighty years of age. She attended the poor creature in her last agonies, and when her eyes were closed in death she opened her desk and carried away all the little savings she had accumulated for the support of her now desolate parent.

About this time, being in company with a friend at the theatre, who shed tears at the tragedy of Hamlet, she bade her "not weep, for thank God it was only a play!"

To attempt to enumerate the number of persons whose health she utterly destroyed, without absolutely killing them, would be tedious.—Every offence or annoyance, however insignificant, was requited with a dose of arsenic. Scarcely a person that came near her escaped when there was anything to be got by their deaths, though it were only a few dollars. Thus she despatched her good friend Johann Mosees, who had lent her money and wanted to marry her; her faithful servant Beta Cornelius, who had laid by a little hoard of fifty dollars; and the worthy Mr. Klein of Hanover, who had also assisted her with a loan to some considerable amount. Indeed she poisoned the whole of Mr. Klein's family, but he alone died.

One motive for the crime which ultimately rid the world of this monster of wickedness, appears to have been despair. She began to apprehend that Mr. Rumpff suspected her. Indeed, at this time, she thought heaven and earth were leagued together to betray her; and it was satisfactory to learn that some of the agonies she had inflicted on others came home to herself at last. If a storm raged in the atmosphere, or a fire in the town—if a river overflowed its banks, or the neighbours quarrelled in the street, she thought she was the object of it all. She declared herself persecuted by ths apparitions of her victims: and strangely enough sought refuge at the graves to which she had sent them.

But all this terror brought no repentance, nor even surcease; she still administered her fatal drug, and took away the lives of two innocent children; one, the foster son, and only consolation of her unhappy friend Maria Heckendorf.

She was arrested for administering poison to Mr. Rumpff, on the 6th of March, 1828. On her trial, it was clearly established that she had sent fifteen persons out of the world—how many she had incapacitated for living in it with comfort, it was impossible to ascertain precisely, but at least as many more.

With respect to her means of procuring, without exciting suspicion, so constant a supply of arsenic as she used, she bought it in jars as ratsbane. On one occasion, some of this deadly mixture being offered for sale, when she was at Mr. Klein's, she affected not to know what it was; and on being informed, she requested young Mr. Klein to purchase some for her, as she could not think of touching it herself.

Still, admitting her to have been the most consummate hypocrite that ever existed, her long impunity, and the success of her deceptions, seems incomprehensible. Not only did deaths follow upon her footsteps, but every body died of the same malady and with similar symptoms. The persevering ill-luck that attended her, showing itself however, in no shape but the mortality of her connexions, was a fact so remarkable that it had attracted general notice, and must have been known to many persons of discernment and intelligence in various grades of life; still no glimmering of the truth aroused them to the investigation of so inexplicable a circumstance.

The art, too, with which she caused the withered and hideous skeleton which enclosed the demon within her, to assume the appearance of freshness and embonpoint, is almost equally extraordinary; knowing, as we do, how extremely difficult it is to make art look like nature; and how easily we discern the fictitious from the real, whether in hair, teeth, form, or complexion. Had London or Paris been the scene of Madame Gottfried's adventures, instead of the staid city of Bremen, we incline to think so valuable a secret would not have been permitted to die with her. Some enterprising artist would assuredly have purchased it by paying her counsel, and have thus secured his own fortune.

Besides the terrors she suffered from the supernatural visitations of her murdered friends, Madame Gottfried was tortured by all sorts of horrible imaginings. Aware of the universal abhorrence and execration of which she was the object, she feared that some strange and terrible death would be invented for her—as that she would be bound to the bodies of her victims, and laid alive in the grave with them; or that she would be flung as food to some wild beasts that happened to be exhibiting in the town at the time.

One of her most trying moments was when she was shown her picture, painted as she really was, stript of all her rags and patches, in the prison dress. The only comfort she derived was from the observation that her nose was still handsome.

Madame Gottfried was not led to the scaffold till three years after her apprehension. She wished very much to die before the moment of execution arrived, and attempted to starve herself, but had not resolution to abstain from food long enough for her purpose. She requested the attendants, in case they found her dead, "to bind up her mouth and wipe the death drops from her face, that she might not look so hideous."

She was extremely afflicted when she saw the unbecoming dress she was to wear on the scaffold, and put it on with the greatest reluctance. She died a hypocrite, as she had lived, affecting a piety and repentance she evidently did not feel. When her head fell beneath the sword of the executioner, thousands of voices from the assembled multitude hailed the triumph of that earthly judgment which sent her to her great account before her Heavenly Judge.

Her head, preserved in spirits, and her skeleton in a case, are still to be seen in the Museum of Bremen.

It is a fact worth remarking, that the predominant passion of these three women, Ursinus, Zwanziger, and Gottfried, was an inordinate vanity.

VALERIE.

A TALE.—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAPTER VIII.

As arranged by Lady M——, the next day we went to Harking Castle, the family seat in Dorsetshire, and I was not sorry to be again quiet after the noise and bustle of a London season. As Lady M——had observed, the young ladies were sadly jaded with continual late hours and hot rooms, but they had not been a week in the country before they were improved in appearance and complexion. They certainly were amiable, nice girls: clever, and without pride, and I soon became attached to them. I attended to their music, and they made great progress. I also taught them the art of making flowers in wax, which I had so lately learnt myself. This was all I could do, except mildly remonstrating with them when I saw what did not appear to me to be quite correct in their conduct and deportment. Lady M——appeared quite satisfied, and treated me with great consideration, and I was in a short time very happy in my new position. For the first month there were no visitors in the house; after that invitations were sent out. Lady M—— had said that she would have a month's quiet to recover herself from the fatigues of the season, and I had no doubt but that she also thought her daughters would be much benfitted, as they really were, by a similar retirement. It was on the Monday that company was expected, and on the Friday Lady M—— desired Augusta, the eldest daughter, to put on a new dress which had just been made by the two lady's-maids, and come down in it that she might see it on. When Augusta made her appearance, and her mother had surveyed the dress, she said.

"I do not quite like it, Augusta, and yet I do not exactly know where it's wrong; but something requires to be altered, it does not hang gracefully."

As she said this I was reading a book, and I naturally looked up, and immediately perceived the alteration which the dress required. I pointed it out, and with a few pins made the dress sit well.

"Why this is a new talent, my dear Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, one that I had no idea that you possessed: although I admit that no one dresses more elegantly than you do," said Lady M——. "How much I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble.

"I am most happy to be of any service, Lady M——, and you may always command me," replied I. "I have the credit of being a very good milliner."

"I believe you can do any thing," replied Lady M——. "Augusta, go up to Benson and show her the alterations that are required, and tell her to make them directly.—After all," continued Lady M——, to me, "it is bad economy making dresses at home, but I really cannot afford to pay the extravagant prices charged by Mademoiselle Desbelli. My bills are monstrous, and my poverty, but not my will, consents. Still it does make such a difference in the appearance, being well dressed, that if I could, I never would have a dress made at home; but the saving is astonishing—nearly two-thirds, I assure you."

"If you will allow me to interfere a little, my lady," replied I, "I think you can have them as well made at home as by Madame Desbelli. I think I can be useful."

"You are very kind, Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, but it will be taxing you too much."

"Not at all, Lady M——, if I have your sanction."

"You shall do just as you please, my dear," replied Lady M——; "I give you full authority over the whole household, if you wish it; but indeed I think Benson will feel much obliged to you for any slight hint that you may give her, and I am sure that I shall; but the carriage is at the door—do you drive to-day?"

"Not to-day, I thank you, Lady M——," replied I.

"Well, then, I will take Hortense and Amy with me, and leave Augusta with you."

After Lady M——'s departure I went up to the room where the maids were at work. I altered the arrangement of Augusta's dress so as to suit her figure, and cut out the two others for Hortense and Amy. Wishing to please Lady M——, I worked myself at Augusta's dress, and had it completed before Lady M—— had returned from her drive. It certainly was now a very different affair, and Augusta looked remarkably well in it. She was delighted herself, and hastened down to her mother to show it to her. When I came down to dinner, Lady M—— was profuse in her acknowledgments; the two other dresses, when finished, gave equal satisfaction, and from that time till the period of my quitting Lady M——, all the dresses, not only of the young ladies, but those of Lady M——, were made at home, and my taste and judgment invariabl appealed to and most cheerfully given. I felt it my duty to be of all th use that I could be, and perhaps was not a little gratified by the compli ments I received upon my exquisite taste. Time passed on; during the shooting season, Augusta, the eldest daughter, received a very good offer, which was accepted; and at the Christmas festivities, Hortense, the second girl, accepted another proposal, which was also very favourable Lady M—— was delighted at such success.

"Is it not strange, my dear Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, that I have been fagging two seasons, night and day, to get husbands for those girls, and now alone here, in solitude and retirement almost, they have both obtained excellent establishments. I do really declare that I believe it is all owing to you, and the delightful manner in which you have dressed them."

"I should rather think that it is owing, in the first place, to their having so much improved in personal appearance since they have been down in the country," replied I; "and further, to the gentlemen having now an opportunity of discovering their truly estimable qualities, which they were not likely to do at Almacks' or other parties during a London season."

"You may think so," replied Lady M——, "but it is my conviction that all is owing to their being so tastefully dressed. Why every one admires the elegance of their costume, and requests patterns. Well, now I have only Amy on my hands, and I think that her sisters' high connexions will assist in getting her off."

"She is a sweet girl, Amy," replied I, "and were I you, Lady M——, I should be in no hurry to part with her."

"Indeed, but I am," replied Lady M——, "you don't know the expense of girls, and my jointure is not so very large; however, I must not complain. Don't you think Amy looks better in lilac than any other colour?"

"She looks well in almost any colour," replied I.

"Yes, with your taste, I grant," replied Lady M——. "Are you aware that we go to town in a fortnight? We must look after the *trousseaux*. It was arranged last night that both marriages shall take place in February. Amy will, of course, be one of the brides'-maids, and I trust to you, my dear Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, to invent something very *distingué* for her on that occasion. Who knows but that it may get her off! but it's late, so good night."

I could not admire Lady M——'s apparent hurry to get rid of her daughters, but it certainly was the one thing needful which had occupied all her thoughts and attention during the time that I had been with her. That it was natural that she should wish that her children were well established, I granted, but all that she appeared to consider was good connexion and the means of living in good style, every other point as to the character of the husbands being totally overlooked.

A fortnight after Christmas we all went to London, and were, as Lady M—— had observed, very busy with the *trousseaux*, when one day the butler came to say that a young gentleman wished to see me, and was waiting in the breakfast-parlour below. I went down, wondering who it could be, when to my surprise, I found Lionel, the page of Lady R——, dressed in plain clothes, and certainly looking very much like a gentleman. He bowed very respectfully to me when I entered, much more so than he had ever done when he was a page with Lady R——, and said,

"Miss Valerie, I have ventured to call upon you, as I thought when we parted that you did me the honour to feel some little interest about me, and I thought you would like to know what has taken place. I have been in England now four months, and have not been idle during that time."

"I am certainly glad to see you, Lionel, although I am sorry you have left Lady R——, and I hope you have been satisfied with the result of your inquiries."

"It is rather a long story, Miss Valerie, and if you wish to hear it, you will oblige me by sitting down while I narrate it to you."

"I hope it will not be too long, Lionel, as I shall be wanted in an hour or so to go out with Lady M——, but I am ready to hear you," continued I, sitting down, as he requested.

Lionel stood by me, and then commenced—"We arrived at Dover the evening of the day that we left, Miss Valerie, and Lady R——, who had been in a state of great agitation during the journey, was so unwell, that she remained there four or five days. As soon as she was better, I thought it was advisable that she should settle my book, and pay me my wages before we left England, and I brought it to her, stating my wish, as the sum was then very large.

"'And what do you want money for?' said she, rather angrily.

"'I want to place it in safety, my lady,' replied I.

"'That's as much as to say that it is not safe with me.'

"'No, my lady,' replied I. 'But suppose any accident were to happen to you abroad, would your executors ever believe that you owed L25, besides a years' wages to a page like me; they would say it could not be, and would not pay me my money; neither would they believe that you gave me such wages.'

"'Well,' she replied, 'there is some truth in that, and it will, perhaps, be better that I do pay you at once, but where will you put the money, Lionel?'

"'I will keep the check, my lady, if you please.'

"'Then I will write it to order and not to bearer,' replied she, 'and then if you lose it, it will not be paid, for it will require your own signature.'

"'Thank you, my lady,' replied I.

"Having examined my accounts and my wages due, she gave me a check for the full amount. The next morning the packet was to sail at nine o'clock. We were in good time, and as soon as Lady R—— was on board she went down into the cabin. Her maid asked me for the bottle of salts which I had purposely left under the sofa-pillow at the Ship Hotel. I told her that I had left it, and as there was plenty of time I would run and fetch it. I did so, but contrived not to be back before the steamer had moved away from the pier, and her paddles were in motion. I called out, 'Stop, stop,' knowing of course that they would not, although they were not twenty yards away. I saw Lady R——'s maid run to the captain and speak to him, but it was no use, and thus I was left behind without Lady R—— having any suspicion that it was intentional on my part. I waited at the pier till the packet was about two miles off, and then walked away from the crowd of people, who were bothering me with advice how to proceed so that I might join my mistress at Calais. I returned to the hotel for a portion of my clothes which I had not sent on board of the packet, but had left in charge of the boots, and then sat down in the tap to reflect upon what I should do. My first object was to get rid of my sugar-loaf buttons, for I hated livery, Miss Valerie; perhaps it was pride, but I could not help it. I walked out till I came to a slopseller's, as they call them at seaports, and went in; there was nothing hanging up but seamen's clothes, and on reflection, I thought I could not do better than to dress as a sailor; so I told the man that I wanted a suit of sailor's clothes.

"'You want to go to sea, I suppose,' said the man, not guessing exactly right, considering that I just refused to embark.

"However, I bargained first for a complete suit, and then sold him my liveries, exchanging my dress in the back parlour. I then returned to the tap, obtained my other clothes, and as soon as the coach started, got outside, and arrived in London. I called upon you at this house, and found that you were in the country, and then I resolved I would go down to Culverwould Hall."

"And now you must leave off, Lionel, for the present," said I, "for I must go out with Lady M——. Come to-morrow, early, and I shall have leisure to hear the rest of your story."

The following morning Lionel returned and resumed his history.

"Miss Valerie, little things often give you more trouble than greater; and I had more difficulty to find out where Culverwould Hall was than you may imagine. I asked many at the inn where I put up, but no one could tell me, and at such places I was not likely to find any book which I could refer to. I went to the coach offices and asked what coaches started for Essex, and the reply was, 'Where did I want to go?' and when I said Culverwould Hall, no one could tell me by which coach I was to go, or which town it was near. At last I did find out from the porter of the Saracen's Head, who had taken in parcels with that address, and who went to the coachman, who said that his coach passed within a mile of Sir Alexander Mostyn's, who lived there. I never knew her ladyship's maiden name before. I took my place by the coach, for I had gone to the banker's in Fleet Street, and received the money for my check, and started the next morning at three o'clock. I was put down at a village called Westgate, at an inn called the Mostyn Arms. I kept to the dress of a sailor, and when the people spoke to me on the coach, kept up the character as well as I could, which is very easy when you have to do with people who know nothing about it. I shivered my timbers, and all that sort of thing, and hitched up my trousers, as they do at the theatres. The coachman told me that the inn was the nearest place I could stop at if I wanted to go to the hall, and taking my bundle, I got down and he drove off A sailor boy is a sort of curiosity in a country village, Miss Valerie, and I had many questions put to me, but I answered them by putting others. I said that my friends were formerly living at the hall in the old baronet's time, but that I knew little about them, as it was a long time ago; and I asked if there were any of the old servants still living at the place. The woman who kept the inn told me that there was one, Old Roberts, who still lived in the village, and had been *bedridden* for some years. This of course was the person whom I wanted, and I inquired what had become of his family. The reply was, that his daughter, who had married Green, was somewhere in London, and his son, who had married Kitty Wilson, of the village, had gone to reside as gamekeeper somewhere near Portsmouth, and had a large family of children.'

"'You're right enough,' replied I, laughing, 'we are a large family.'

"'What, are you Old Roberts' grandson?' exclaimed the women. 'Well, we did hear that one of them, Harry, I think, did go to sea.'

"'Well, now, perhaps you'll tell me where I am to find the old gentleman?' replied I.

"'Come with me,' said she, 'he lives hard by, and glad enough he'll be, poor man, to have any one to talk with him a bit, for it's a lonesome life he lives in bed there.'

"I followed the woman, and when about a hundred yards from the inn she stopped at the door of a small house, and called to Mrs. Meshin, to 'go up and tell Old Roberts that one of his grandsons is here.' A snuffy old woman made her appearance, peered at me through her spectacles, and then stumped up a pair of stairs which faced the door. Shortly afterwards I was desired to come up, and did so. I found an old man with silver hair lying in bed, and the said Mrs. Meshin, with her spectacles, smoothing down the bed-clothes, and making the place tidy.

"'What cheer, old boy?' said I, after T. P. Cooke's style.

"'What do you say, I'm hard of hearing, rather?' replied the old man.

"'How do you find yourself, sir?' said I.

"'Oh, pretty well for an old man; and so you're my grandson, Harry; glad to see you.—You may go, Mr. Meshin, and shut the door, and do you hear, don't listen at the key-hole.'

"The stately lady, Mrs. Meshin, growled, and then left the room, slamming the door.

"'She is very cross, grandson,' said the old man, 'and I see nobody but her. It's a sad thing to be bedridden this way, and not to get out in the fresh air, and sadder still to be tended by a cross old woman, who won't talk when I want her. I'm glad to see you, boy, I hope you won't go away directly, as your brother Tom did. I want somebody to talk to me, sadly; and how do you like being at sea?'

"'I like the shore, better, sir.'

"'Ay, so all sailors say, I believe; and yet I would rather go to sea than lie here all day long. It's all owing to my being out as I used to do, night after night, watching for poachers. I had too little bed then, and now I've too much of it. But the sea must be grand. As the Bible says, 'They who go upon the great waters, they see the wonders of the deep.'

"I was glad to find that the old man was so perfect in all his mental faculties, and after having listened to, rather than replied to, observations about his son and my supposed brothers and sisters, by which I obtained a pretty accurate knowledge of them, I wished him good-bye, and promised to call and have a long talk in the morning.

"On my return to the inn, I was able to reply to all the interrogatories which were put to me relative to my supposed relations, thanks to the garrulity of Old Roberts, and put many questions relative to the family residing at the hall, which were freely answered. As the evening advanced, many people came in, and the noise and smoking was so disagreeable to me, that I asked for a bed, and retired. The next morning I repaired to Old Roberts, who appeared delighted to see me.

"'You are a good boy,' said he, 'to come to see a poor bedridden old man, who has not a soul that comes near him perhaps in a week. And now tell me what took place during your last voyage.'

"'The last vessel I was on board of,' replied I, 'was a packet from Dover to Calais.'

"'Well, that must be pleasant; so many passengers.'

"'Yes, sir; and who do you think I saw on board of the packet the other day—somebody that you know.'

"'Ay, who?'

"'Why Lady R——,' replied I. 'and that young gentleman who, I heard say, once lived with her as her servant.'

"'Ay!' said the old man, 'indeed! then she has done justice at last, I'm glad on it, Harry, glad on it, for it's a relief to my mind. I was bound to the secret, and have kept it; but when a man is on the brink of the grave, he does not like to have a secret like that upon his mind, and I've more than once talked to my daughter about—'

"'What, Aunt Green?'

"'Yes, your Aunt Green; but she would never listen to me. We both took our oath, and she said it was binding; besides, we were paid for it. Well, well, I thank God, for it's a great load off my mind.'

"'Yes, sir,' replied I, 'you need not keep the secret any longer now.'

"'And how has he grown up?' said the old man; 'is he good-looking?'

"'Very much so, sir,' replied I, 'and looks very much like a gentleman.'"

I could not help laughing at this part of Lionel's story, although I could not but admit the truth. Lionel observed it, and said,

"You cannot be surprised at my giving myself a good character, Miss Valerie, for, as they say in the kitchen, it's all that a poor servant has to depend upon."

"Go on," replied I.

"'He was a very fine child while he lived with us; but he was taken away at six years old, and I have never seen him since.'

"'Some people say that he is very like Lady R——.'

"'Well, why should he not be? aye, she was once a very beautiful young person.'

"'Well, grandfather, I have never heard the rights of the story,' said I, 'and now that you are at liberty to tell it, perhaps you will let me have the whole history.'

"'Well,' said the old man, 'as there is no longer a secret, I do not know but that I may. Your Aunt Green, you know, was nurse to Lady R——, and remained in the family for years afterwards, for old Sir Alexander Mostyn was confined to his room for years with gout and other complaints, and your Aunt Green attended him. It was just as Sir Alexander had recovered from a very bad fit, that Miss Ellen, who was Lady R——'s sister, and years younger than she was, made her runaway match with Colonel Dempster, a very fashionable, gay young man, who had come down here to shoot with the present baronet. Every one was much surprised at this, for all the talk was that the match would be with the eldest sister, Lady R——, and not the youngest. They went off somewhere abroad. Old Sir Alexander was in a terrible huff about it, and was taken ill again; and Lady R——, who was then Miss Barbara, appeared also much distressed at her sister's conduct. Well, a year or more passed away, when, one day, Miss Barbara told your Aunt Green that she wished her to go with her on a journey, and she set off in the evening with four post-horses, and travelled all night till she arrived at Southampton. There she stopped at a lodging, and got out, spoke to the landlady, and calling my daughter out of the chaise, desired her to remain below while she went up-stairs. My daughter was tired of staying so long, for she remained there for five hours, and Miss Barbara did not mark her appearance, but they appeared to be busy in the house, running up and down stairs. At last a grave person, who appeared to be a doctor, came into the parlour, followed by the landlady—in the parlour in which my daughter was sitting.

"'It's all over, Mrs. Wilson,' said he; 'nothing could save her; but the child will do well, I have no doubt.'

"'What's to be done, sir?'

"'Oh,' replied the doctor, 'the lady above-stairs told me that she was her sister, so of course we must look to her for all future arrangements.'

"'After giving a few directions about the infant, the doctor left the house, and soon after that Miss Barbara came down stairs.

"'I m quite worn out, Martha,' said she, 'let us go to the hotel as fast as we can. You sent away the carriage, of course. I would it had remained, for I shall be hardly able to walk so far.'

"'She took her arm, and as the landlady opened the door, she said,

"'I will call to-morrow, and give directions about the infant, and every thing which is necessary.—I never went through such a trying scene,' said Miss Barbara; 'she was an old schoolfellow of mine, who entreated me to come to her in her distress. She died giving birth to her infant, and it was, I presume, with that presentiment, that she sent for me and entreated me, on her death-bed, to protect the unfortunate child, for she has been cast away by her relations in consequence of her misconduct. You never have had the small-pox, Martha, have you?'

"'No, miss,' she replied, 'you know I never have.'

"'Well, it was having the small-pox, at the same time that she was confined, that has caused her death, and that was the reason why I did not send for you to come up and assist.'

"'My daughter made no answer, for Miss Barbara was a haughty temper, and she was afraid of her; but she did not forget that the doctor had told the landlady that Miss Barbara had stated the lady to be her sister. My daughter had thought it very odd that Miss Barbara had not told her, during their journey, where she was going and who she was going to see, for Miss Barbara had wrapped herself up in her cloak, and pretended to be asleep during the whole time, only waking up to pay the post-boys; but Miss Barbara was of a very violent temper, and had, since her sister's marriage, been much worse than before; indeed, some said that she was a little mad, and used to walk at moonlights. When they arrived at the hotel, Miss Barbara went to bed, and insisted upon my daughter sleeping in the same room, as she was afraid of being alone in an hotel. My daughter thought over the business as she laid in bed, and at last resolved to ascertain the truth; so she got up early the next morning, and walked to the lodging-house, and when the door was opened by the landlady, pretended to come from her mistress to inquire how the infant was. The reply was that it was doing well; and then a conversation took place, in which my daughter found out that the lady did not die of the small-pox, as Miss Barbara had stated. The landlady asked my daughter if she would not like to come up and look at the corpse. My daughter consented, as it was what she was about to request, and when she went up, sure enough it was poor Mrs. Dempster, Miss Ellen that was, who had run away with the colonel.

"'An't it a pity, ma'am,' said the landlady, 'her husband died only two months ago, and they say he was so handsome a man: indeed, he must have been, for here's his picture, which the poor lady wore round her neck.'

"'When your aunt had satisfied herself, and cried a little over the body, for she was very fond of Miss Ellen, she went back to the hotel as fast as she could, and getting a jug of warm water from the kitchen, she went into Miss Barbara's room, and had just time to throw off her bonnet and shawl, when Miss Barbara woke up and asked who was there.

"'It's me, miss,' replied my daughter, 'I've just gone down for some warm water for you, for it's past nine o'clock, and I thought you would like to be up early.'

"'Yes, I must get up, Martha, for I intend to return home to day. It's no use waiting here. I will have breakfast, and then walk to the lodgings and give directions. You may pack up in the meantime, for I suppose you do not wish to go with me.'

"'Oh, no, miss,' replied your aunt, 'I am frightened out of my wits at having been in the house already, now that I know that the lady died of the small-pox.'

"'Well, Miss Barbara went away after breakfast and remained for two or three hours, when she returned, a servant bringing the baby with her. My daughter had packed up every thing, and in half an hour they were on the road back, the baby with them in my daughter's arms. Now, you see, if it had not been for the accidental remark of the doctor's in your aunt's presence, she would have been completely deceived by Miss Barbara, and never have known whose child it was; but your aunt kept her own counsel; indeed, she was afraid to do otherwise. As they went home, Miss Barbara talked a great deal to your aunt, telling her that this Mrs. Bedingfield was a great friend of hers, with whom she had corresponded for years after they had left school; that her husband had been killed in a duel a short time before, that he was a gambler, and a man of very bad character, nevertheless she had promised Mrs. Bedingfield before she died, that she would take care of the child, and that she would do so. She then said, 'Martha, I should like your mother to take charge of it, do you think that she would? but it must be a secret, for my father would be very angry with me, and besides, there might be unpleasant reports.' Your aunt replied, 'that she thought that her mother would,' and then Miss Barbara proposed that your aunt should get out of the chaise when they stopped to change horses at the last stage, when it was dark, and no one would perceive it, and walk with the infant until she could find some conveyance to my house. This was done, the child was brought to your grandmother, who is now in heaven, and then your aunt made known to us what she had discovered, and whose child it was. I was very angry, and if I had not been laid up at the time with the rheumatism, would have gone right into Sir Alexander's room, and told him who the infant was, but I was over-ruled by your grandmother and your aunt, who then went away, and walked to the hall. So we agreed that we would say exactly what Miss Barbara said to us when she came over to us on the next day.'"

"Well, then, Lionel, I have to congratulate you on being the son of a gentleman, and the nephew of Lady R——, I wish you joy with all my heart," said I extending my hand.

"Thank you, Miss Valerie. It is true that I am so, but proofs are still to be given, but of that hereafter."

"Lionel, you have been standing all this while. I think it would be most uncourteous if I did not request you to take a chair." Lionel did so, and then proceeded with the old man's narrative.

THE PEARL OF THE BOSPHORUS.

A TALE OF THE PHANAR.

Continued from Albion of Feb. 13.

CHAPTER V.—THE MIDNIGHT EXCURSION OF THE ARMENIAN AND ITS RESULTS.

As Jussaf, the Jew, descended the staircase of the Princes's dwelling, the Armenian warily passed his head out from among the thick leaves of the fig tree, and looked all round. Having ascertained that the coast was clear, he rubbed his little shrivelled hands in glee, and exclaimed, with a low chuckling laugh peculiar to himself,

"Thanks, most excellent Jew—most silent, meek, retiring Jew, your humble servant, with whom you disdained to smoke a friendly pipe, does give you his grateful thanks for so much precious information—Come! let us see what we have learned; the Rayah and his daughter go to exile—good! Jussuf, the Jew—Jussuf, the wealthy Jew, must dearly love them, since he engaged to peril his life for them—why, good again! The poverty stricken Prince has gold concealed! better and best of all!—three mines of wealth that are open to Veli this blessed night—now let us go and work them warily."

He slipped down from the tree with marvellous celerity—glided across the court and entered his house; there he threw aside his pipe, tied on a long sash over his robe of Broussa silk, and then sallied out into the street. With a quick and stealthy step he hurried on through the whole of the Phanar, and as he passed along, the very dogs, who, in the good city of Constantinople, receive with such exuberant gratitude any honest Christian whom it is permitted them to worry, shrunk from him, as though they had the instinct of an unholy thing. He reached the water's edge, and entered one of the numerous caiques which wait there night and day ready to be hired. Half an hour's sail brought him to Omer Bey's palace, a man whose all powerful position was that of vizier's favourite. One of the scores of dependents, laughing in the court yard, went, according to his request, to ask an audience for him from his master. Veli, the Armenian, was never refused admittance any where, so vast was the power he had acquired, of deeply injuring, or greatly serving almost all with whom he came in contact—he was at once ushered into the great man's presence.

Splendidly dressed, Omer Bey sat on a divan, a pipe in one hand, and a string of beads, which he rattled through his fingers, in the other; his countenance was essentially bad, stamped with an impress of an evil heart, and all the expression, of which his coarse and heavy features were capable, was centred in the small grey eye, full of intelligence and fire. For many long years, this man had so duly and scrupulously fulfilled all the duties inculcated by the Mahomedan religion, that he was greatly celebrated as a most true and pious son of the faithful, and he did, in fact, now perfectly embody the results of a strict adherence to that most vile and debasing creed. There he was, a man of an evil nature, and with strong passions, obeying, to the letter, the subtle precepts most tending to foster both; the hope of immortality—that alchemy which can alone turn the vile dross of our human nature to purity and worth, came to him clothed in a form so gross and depraving, that the very thought of the heaven for which he strove, did but serve to plunge him deeper in the mire, and that last spark of inward light which, amid all man's corruption, still testifies of the image in which he was created—that conscience, which goaded him to an unknown obedience, was amply satisfied with the strict and futile observances of his daily worship. Omer Bey was, in short, what every man, with any strength of character, must be under the influence of Mahomedanism—selfish, sensual, and cruel.

Veli left his slippers at the door, and approached with his hand to his forehead. Omer Bey nodded slightly, pointed to a cushion, and the Armenian sat down, where, taking a pipe that was brought to him, he remained smoking in silence.

"Highness, may your years be many," he began at last.

"I wish you health," responded the Bey, and there was a second pause, during which the Turk looked keenly and inquiringly on the crafty Armenian, as he sat gazing on the ground with a studiously unmeaning expression.

"Veli, have you heard any news to-day?" he asked at length.

"It may be that I have," answered the Armenian, smoking his pipe with renewed vigour. "May I never see the dawn of day but this is glorious tobacco!"

"Good news is always welcome," said the Turk, softly.

"Highness, your words are wisdom; the proverb saith that good tidings are better than much fine gold."

For the first time Veli raised his twinkling, deep-set eyes and looked at the Turk. Omer Bey turned round and made a sign to a Numidian slave who stood behind him; the negro went out, and speedily returned with a bag of money, which he slipped into the Armenian's hands. Veli dexterously deposited it in the folds of his scarf, accepted a fresh pipe, and the smoking was resumed in silence.

"The Greek Rayahs go forth to exile at daybreak?" said Veli, in an inquiring tone.

A grim smile passed over the face of the Turk.

"They go to an exile from which they will never return!" he answered.

"I thought so," said the Armenian, with his low hateful laugh; "let us wish them a pleasant journey. Most illustrious," he continued, after a short time, "there is another of the words of wisdom, which testifieth that dead men tell no tales."

"It is true," said the Turk, with an air of profound conviction, as though it were an experiment he had often tried.

"Good," said Veli; "but if the Rayah Constantine C——dies, he will never tell where his riches are concealed."

"His riches!" exclaimed the Bey. "He has none. A poor, mean Greek, who has sold all he had, to buy bread! He scarce has a diamond or a shawl worth having."

"He has none for his masters, the true believers," said Veli, rubbing his hands exultingly; "but plenty of good gold, Most Illustrious, has the old Prince Constantine for his rebellious countrymen!"

"Mashallah!" exclaimed the Turk, "this is likely enough; but he must not die with his secret. His exile shall be to the prison, where they have ways of wringing the truth from men's lips as easily as they draw the blood from their hearts. Il Allah, I will go for him even now!"

"Nay, Highness, it were doubtless time enough at daybreak," said the Armenian, slyly.

The Turk cast a spiteful glance at him.

"Friend Veli, I will go now," he said, "you may think such good tidings are precious to more men than one."

"So shrewd, Most Illustrious," muttered the Armenian to himself.—"In truth, the poor Veli might well be your scholar!"

But Omer Bey had already risen, and called his people round him; so Veli shuffled to the door, resumed his slippers, and sped on through the holy, peaceful night, to other deeds of darkness.

It was not long before Omer Bey, followed by a score of armed men, was thundering at the gate of the Rayah's house. The Greek servants, knowing well how vain was all resistance, fled affrighted before him, and no one opposed his entrance, through the corridor and into the great hall, which formed a centre communicating with all the other rooms of the villa. Before the door of his daughter's apartment the aged prince had placed himself, standing alone, upright, in a calm and dignified attitude, which gave great effect to his lofty stature, and with his snow white hair and beard, and eyes whose fire the strife of eighty years had failed to quench, it would have been difficult to have imagined a more majestic or noble looking old man. In the adjacent room the Pearl, who dared not appear before the Turks, crouched down upon the floor, and with a beating heart, applied her ear to the ground, that she might catch at least the accents of her father's voice.

The Greek and Turk confronted each other, and there was a pause.—They were a strange contrast, those two men. Both old men, both tottering on the brink of the grave, or rather both standing on the threshold of eternity, yet both ready to slay, destroy, and curse each other, because animated by overpowering passions, which bore solely on the few brief moments of mortal life reserved to them on earth. True, the powerful motive which animated the old prince, was better and purer than the sordid love of gain which moved his adversary; but patriotism is at best but one of the greatest of those virtues which have no reference to the immortality of man, or connexion with the world to come, and like all such baseless and unsanctified aspirings, presents such shadowy phantoms to the soul, as must at last allure it on to crime. Omer Bey fixed his eyes on his prey with a greedy impatience.

"Rayah Constantine," he said, "you have a son in arms against the Sublime Porte."

"It may be so," responded the old Prince, calmly folding his arms.

"And for this you are condemned to death," said the Turk, stamping his foot.

"To death!" said Constantine, mildly, "I thought it had been to exile; but I thank you, it is a doom the sooner over."

"To-morrow," continued Omer Bey, "your daughter, your friends, your countrymen go forth to a lenient exile. Give up the riches you would use to betray your Lord, the Sultan, and you shall live, and go with them in peace."

"My riches," said the Prince, with a smile, "and where are they?"

"Vile Ghiaour, think not to deceive me," answered the Turk, enraged. "I know that you have treasures concealed."

"True, I have this precious gem," said the Rajah, drawing from his breast a miniature of his daughter, set in pearls, "and I should grieve to part with it."

"You have more," shouted Omer Bey, snatching the portrait from his hand, "and it is death to you to trifle thus! give up your gold, and go in peace to exile; try to conceal it but one moment longer, and you shall be dragged to the prison, and the torture!"

"To the prison and the torture then," said the aged Greek, holding out his hands with the same mild and quiet dignity which he had sustained throughout the whole of this scene.

"Seize him, drag him out!" exclaimed the Turk, utterly infuriated. "By the head of my father, in an hour hence, he shall shriek out for mercy, and pray to me to take his gold!" and at this command the whole body of soldiers threw themselves upon the old man, and would have torn him to pieces, had not Omer Bey interposed, and ordered him to be led forth in safety.

They were leaving the hall, and the noble old man, who made no effort to struggle in the rude hands of his foes, had turned one sad look, eloquent of blessing, in the direction of the room which held his dearest treasure, when suddenly the door flew open, and Erotà rushed to his feet, panting, speechless, ghastly with terror. Convulsively she grasped his robes, she twined her arms round him, and, half unconscious, turned on the Turks a look of wild defiance, as though she dared them to touch one hair of her father's honoured head!

"Oh, my child, my Pearl," groaned the aged Prince, who had heard the sentence of the most horrible torture with a quiet smile!—he hid his face in his hands.

At this sight an expression of malignant exultation lit up the Bey's dark features.

"Rayah Constantine," he exclaimed aloud, "behold this child! give up your gold, and go with her to another home—a quiet and peaceful exile—or else refuse, and she departs alone!—you never shall behold her more!"

The sound of his adversary's hated voice roused that unhappy father, and devoted patriot.

"Erotà, my daughter, leave me," he exclaimed, trying, with all his strength, to unclasp the clinging hands of his child—"leave me, I entreat—command you!—let me go!—to look into your face is death to me; it unnerves, unmans me! would you drive me to commit the deed which I abhor?—let me go!"

"Oh, father!" was all that burst imploringly from Erotà's white lips; but the agony of her upturned gaze made the old man reel and stagger, as though stricken by some deadly blow.

He collected himself by one strong effort, and raised her in her arms.

"Daughter!" he said, solemnly, "let me go! it is your father's last prayer, tremble to refuse it!—his last command, dare not to disobey!—leave me, and let me go, ere those beseeching eyes have made me a very traitor to my country!"

She heard him; her whole frame shook and quivered; she buried her head in the folds of his garments, and wildly covered his hands with kisses; then she arose, uttered no word, and staggered from the room: but scarce the rending asunder of soul and body itself, could have been more terrible than that one effort of holy obedience.

CHAPTER VI.—THE FATE OF THE THREE HUNDRED.

The morning broke, smiling and radiant, as it ever dawns in that land of sunshine; the glorious nature there displayed, flung off her veil of darkness, and offered up the riches of her beauty, for the enjoyment of mankind; there was not a cloud in the deep blue vault that canopied the golden city, not a wave on the beaming waters of the Bosphorus, or breath stirring in the fair gardens where the early birds were filling the scented air with music; but through the rifled dwellings of the wide Phanar, there was weeping and wailing, and desolation of heart! friends were parting, to meet no more; enemies were wreaking their malice unavenged; blessings and cursings were mingled strangely: but everywhere there was anguish and dismay.

It was the hour fixed upon for putting into execution the sentence of exile on the Phanariote Greeks—the hour, which, as they supposed, was to see them quit forever the homes where they and their fathers dwelt in peace, to be cast adrift on the desert coast of Asia. Throughout the whole night, troops of Janissaries had guarded the houses of the principal rajahs, having put to flight the servants and dependents not included in the sentence, and when the day dawned they gathered together the condemned, and drove them down to the landing-place whence they were to embark. By the orders of Omer Bey, the remaining inhabitants of Prince Constantine's house were more strictly watched than any others, and Erota, with some of her relations, were amongst the first who were dragged through the streets to the sea shore.

Veli, the Armenian, sat on his mat, pipe in hand, to see them hurried away. Such, at least, was his ostensible motive; but he looked back into his own house very often, and seemed not at all surprised when Jusuf came bounding past him, at a pace very different from his usual quiet demeanour, and he instantly grasped hold of his mantle, exclaiming—

"Good Jussuf, a word with you."

"Not now," exclaimed the Jew, his countenance betraying the most violent agitation; "let me go, I must not be arrested now!"

"Nay, but it is a matter of great importance," persisted the Veli.

"Let it be what it may, I will not be stayed," said the Jew vehemently. "Release me, Veli, or I tell you I must use violence to free myself; though it were a matter of life and death I cannot stay."

"Indeed!—go, then, worthy Jew, said the Armenian, ironically, as he released him; "truly it was but a matter of life and death!—the brief life and speedy death of the Pearl of the Bosphorus!"

At the sound of that name, a deadly paleness overspread the countenance of the Jew; he grasped the arm of the Armenian.

"Tell me if you know anything concerning her! In mercy speak—there is no time to lose!"

"So you are ready to listen now," said Veli, with a bitter laugh.

"Veli, I adjure you by all you hold most dear, trifle not with me!" said the Jew; "every moment is precious. If you do, indeed, know anything, say on, for pity's sake!"

"And have you lived so long with Veli, most honourable Jew, and not yet found out that a golden key does best unlock the door of his lips?"

"Poor sordid wretch," muttered Jussuf, as he drew a handful of money from the folds of his dress, and flung it to him.

"Good!" exclaimed Veli, clutching it, with a mocking laugh—"so do we come to terms. Ha! ha!—now might I play you a noble trick—a Jewish trick—good friend Jussuf, and tell you I know nothing; but I am a man of conscience, and you shall hear the truth. The doom of the Phanariotes was but hidden beneath their mild sentence of exile; within an hour they are all to perish!"

"Oh, murderous wretches!" exclaimed Jussuf, in a voice of utter agony, "I might have guessed it!—rash, faithless that I have been; but I yet—I yet will save her!"

He fled down the street as he spoke, and when he had altogether disappeared, the Armenian leaned back, and laughed a long, low fiendish laugh.

"Too late; no need to fly so fast, good Jew. I said I would tell you the truth; but I told it too late. Now he will go and have himself drowned with the Rayah's daughter; and who but Veli, his nearest neighbour—his dearest friend—should be the heir to all his furniture, his carpets and his garments!"

On the shore of the landing-place of Tophana a crowd of exiles, to the number of three hundred, men, women, and children, were assembled, about to embark on their dreary voyage. A miserable band, indeed, yet noble and dignified even in their abasement. The Turkish soldiers who were preparing to lead them to exile, were making ready an enormous boat, destined to convey them all, and to which several small caiques were loosely attached with ropes; the Greeks had not been allowed to take any of their property with them: and little did they think, as they stood there, gazing back with breaking hearts on the sweet homes they had left, and wondering if ever the sun of nature would seem as bright to them elsewhere, how very soon those beating hearts were to cease from sorrowing for ever, and themselves, in actual fact, about to undertake that awful journey to a land whose light obeys no rising or setting suns! Some of them gathered to their arms the children or the friend they loved, and looked around with smiles, well knowing that with them the darkest exile would be bright, and their dear homes everywhere! Others sat in sullen despondency; and there was one young girl, pale and spirit-like, who seemed to have the knowledge of some great misery so present with her, that she was scarcely conscious of any thing that was passing round her. Not a gleam of life illuminated her sweet, colourless face, for the features had sunk to deathlike fixedness, except when her hand mechanically raised the small cross she wore to her cold lips, and then looked up to heaven, and a faint light stole into her soft blue eyes.

The preparations were now all complete, and the Greeks were driven, like a flock of sheep, into the boat, followed by a few of the Turks, who entered along with them to guide their course, whilst the rest betook themselves to the caiques, and surrounded them in great numbers; and so the bark, with its heavy freight of human life, launched out upon the those pure still waters, beneath a serene and sunlit heaven.—Smoothly it glided over the unruffled bosom of the Bosphorus; the bright shore of their early home receded fast behind the captive exiles, and many wept. Others, in whose breast the angel hope had not yet been stifled, looked out with eager eyes to the far Asiatic shore, and thought that, even there they yet might live and love! When they were about half way between Europe and Asia, the commanding officer of the Turks made a significant

signal, and at once they all ceased rowing; the stillness was intense, not the faintest breeze was sighing in the balmy air; there was nothing all around but the glittering lake and its distant shores, now both alike dim and fair, as the unattainable regions of a dream. Then the soldiers suddenly broke away a plank in the side of the boat, which that been purposely loosened so as to be removed at a moment's notice; instantly the water rushed in through the treacherous opening; the Turks threw themselves into the caiques that lay along side, to ensure their own safety, and dexterously cutting the ropes that fastened them to the bark of the condemned, they seized their oars, and were far distant before the three hundred victims had well discovered that they were indeed abandoned to the horrors of that dreadful grave, without a hope or possibility of escape! They looked around in terrified amazement; but already the heavy bark reeled to and fro with the weight of the rising water, and forced upon them the full conviction of their fate.

As the certainty of their doom became more present within the minds of each and all—the death grapple at hand—eternity opening out before them!—there rose simultaneously from their many voices, a deep, terrible cry of horror—the one expression of a common and intense despair! It was the spontaneous wail with which all lamented the same most lamentable doom!—Death, not amidst the howling tempests and raging waves, by the will of the Almighty, who takes the rushing winds for his instruments, and the storms and whirlwind for his executioners—but death by the hand of man; beneath a sunlit heaven, and on serenest waters! Going down to the grave, amid the smiles and the sunshine of nature, with the voice of the singing birds yet in their ear, and the scent from the flower gardens breathing around them! They were united in the first terror of their fate, but as that shriek expired on their lips, each one returned to meet his agony in its individual shape. A mother held her child far above her head, that the glittering waves might not attain to it; an old man plunged his dagger into his breast, because he would not perish by Moslem treachery; two sisters twined their arms round one another, earnestly desiring to die together; some forestalled their doom by leaping into the sea; many cursed, and others prayed. But the boat was filling faster and faster—it reeled—it shook—it rolled heavily over on one side, then on the other—the planks burst in all directions—it shivered, foundered, and went down at last for ever into the deep bosom of the Bosphorus!

As it sunk, again the simultaneous cry arose, but now it was the cry for "Life, life!" all else was forgotten then in the terrible revolt of their human nature, when they felt it torn from them. It had been bitter to many amongst them; they had suffered and wept—they had sown in hope, and reaped in sorrow—they had prayed for death—they had pined for the soul's release; but now—now with choking waters swelling to their lips—with the burning pulses beating time to its last convulsive throes, it was for life they prayed in one universal wail!—and in vain!—in vain that death-cry rose, awful, agonized, prolonged—it ascended to the smiling skies—it echoed to the smiling shores, then grew more faint—died mournfully away, and so became hushed for ever. The beaming waters had opened to receive their prey; slowly they closed over it again in sunny radiance; a few rippling eddies lingered on the surface, but they were soon dispersed. Gradually the pure mirror settled into its former glassy stillness, and reflected, unstained and unruffled, the purer heaven as before; whilst deep down in the treacherous depths, the uncoffined dead await the judgment and the vengeance of that Great Day.

Long did the drowning of the three hundred live in the memories of all who that morning from the Bazaars of Stamboul, or the palaces of Pera, heard the faint echo of that last scream—that dismal requiem over so many living going down to darkness! One only of the wretched victims was saved, and reserved for further trial.

Jussuf, the Jew, had reached the landing-place, with the words of the Armenian still ringing in his ears, just as the ill-omened bark was putting off from the shore. He easily anticipated what was to ensue, and bribing a boatman with gold he did not pause to count, to give him the entire use of his caique, he sprung into it alone, and followed swiftly in the wake of those unconscious travellers to the realm of shades. When the deed was done, and the executioners had abandoned their prey, Jussuf alone remained, at the risk of being engulfed with the foundering bark.* Just as it was sinking, he singled out her for whom he so gladly endangered his life, and at his own imminent peril succeeded in grasping hold of her floating garments, and lifted her in safety into his boat. His greatest difficulty was to unlock the convulsed hands of the drowning wretches who swarmed around him, strewn on the waters like summer leaves after an autumn gale! and who clinging to the sides of the caique, threatened to draw him down with his prize, to share their inevitable grave; but death soon freed him from those he could not save, and with a few vigorous strokes of the oar he sent his light boat shooting through the water. The Pearl of the Bosphorus lay at his feet, her face concealed by her long dripping hair, and he wondered as he looked down upon her, and chafed her small hands so white and chill, that men should dare to perpetrate such deeds on one so fragile and so innocent. As they approached the shore he flung over her the carpet which lined the caique, so as altogether to conceal her slight form, but happily it was now nearly noon, just the hour when at that burning season he was most likely to escape observation, as the whole population were asleep, and the streets quite deserted. He had no choice but to return to the Frank quarter of the city, to the now desolate Phanar, yet he dared not reconduct the Pearl to her father's desecrated dwelling, for he well knew the Turks would prowl round it incessantly till the gold was found; but he remembered that there lived close to the shore an aged Jewess—a gentle and pious widow of his own people, who would willingly serve him, and thither he decided to convey the Prince's daughter, since it was a secure, though humble refuge. He carried her in his arms from the boat to this house, quite unmolested, scarce meeting a human being; and if those whom he did see distinguished beneath the folds of the carpet which concealed his burden, the form of a woman, such sights were far too common to attract any attention.

His countrywoman gladly received the precious charge, and wept over the fair child, so cold and death-like, which he laid in her arms. He left her trying to restore the warmth of life to the inanimate limbs of the poor fading Pearl, and went forth to seek the information he knew she would so earnestly desire to obtain on returning to a full consciousness of her position.

Conclusion in our next.

* The rescue of the Greek girl by the Jew was an enterprise of far less difficulty than might have been supposed, from the instantaneous flight of the Turkish executioners, and the universal terror which on such occasions prevented any others from witnessing the deed.

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.

MR. B. DISRAELI.

Continued from Albion of Feb. 6.

The systematic attacks of Mr. Disraeli, not merely on the politics, but also on the reputation, character, and personal bearing of Sir Robert Peel, are without a parallel in modern parliamentrry history. There was a strong dramatic interest attaching to them, which we look for in vain in the more courteous and forbearing practice of contemporary Party warfare. The popular maxim of "Measures, not Men," has so imbued the minds of the leading speakers with a vague liberality of sentiment, that they are, with but few exceptions, sparing of personalities, and disposed, when they do indulge in them, to wrap them up in kindly circumlocution. Statesmen do not meet each other, face to face, as personal antagonists, but rather fight by demonstrations made under cover of the principles of their party. If we except some few scenes towards the close of the life of Mr. Canning, and the contest between Mr. Secretary Stanley and Mr. O'Connell [in neither of which cases were extremes of personality indulged in) nearly half a century has elapsed since there was a case of such a sustained determination on the part of one public man to destroy another, on avowedly personal grounds.

Rightly to estimate the value and understand the sudden acceptation of the series of sarcasms, aimed, with so deadly a force and effect, at Sir Robert Peel, we must recall to mind the position of the Conservative premier at that time. His unparalleled and unexpected success as a minister, and the power, almost dictator-like, which he wielded over an obedient House of Commons, in the general paralysis of party produced by his own skilful manœuvring—these, and other circumstances of a moral personal nature, had stimulated the egotism which was always a feature in his character, until it almost absorbed his better judgment. He had now, for nearly four years, held absolute sway over the country, and, by whatever means, had made his will not merely the law of parliament, but also that of public opinion. During all his former life he had worn the mask of subserviency to even uncongenial opinions, which, in a representative legislature, is one of the conditions of what is called leading party, and, therefore, of obtaining power. Hated during three-fourths of his career by the growing majority of his countrymen, his talents sneered at, his character aspersed, he had now raised himself to that proud position in which he was all but regarded as the Trustee of the Nation,—was even almost the man of the people. Here was enough to unsettle the most philosophical mind; but over a spirit whose ardour had been greatest, perhaps, when most suppressed, and whose ambition, not confined to mere political conquest, extended to the achievement of great social triumphs, its influence might well be all but intoxicating. There was yet a more immediate and exciting stimulant to self-esteem. But a short period had elapsed after Sir Robert Peel's accession to power, when one of the chief territorial lords, who was the recognised leader of the agricultural body, had fulminated an arrogant warning to the minister, that they who had brought him into power could, if he were not their political tool, turn him out again. Sir Robert Peel, with the hereditary pride of a manufacturing aristocrat, might feel resentment from the threat of an antagonist of what, though of so recent origin, he yet might consider his "order." What wonder, then, if the minister, who was now almost worshipped by the middle classes, finding that by the breath of his mouth he had scattered to the winds the power that had fortified his boast, should at times be carried away by a proud exultation, till, in an exaggerated egotism, he sometimes forgot what was due to an assembly in which all are, nominally at least, on an equality. He certainly presumed, from time to time though perhaps unconsciously, on his position, gave himself autocratic airs, and talked too much in the "I and my King" style. The excessive labour and anxiety he underwent, acting on impaired physical powers, produced an irritability of temperament which he could not control, and, on more than one occasion it burst forth in a manner so violent as to require from the House all their forbearance and respect. He also acquired, from his singular success, a habit of arrogating to himself an elevation of sentiment, and a degree of moral purity, which were scarcely compatible with his actual position; and the House of Commons were thus forced, almost reluctantly, to remember, that the legislative triumphs upon which all his implied boasts were based had been gained at the expense of a flagrant, and, except in his own career, an unparalleled inconsistency. Further, it should be remembered, that although, by playing off parties against each other, he had the House of Commons at his feet, still, as a statesman, he was isolated. With the exception of his own immediate clique, who, for the most part, owed their political elevation to his favour, he had, perhaps, no honest friends in the House but the Radicals. The Tories hated him for past and prospective treachery; the Whigs, though forced to affect lip-honour, were jealous that he should have stepped in to defraud them of their well-earned leadership of the middle classes. Thus, to a bold assailant, it was clear, that he might have an audience not indisposed to sympathise with him in any well-aimed attacks on Sir Robert Peel, so soon as the slightest symptoms should appear of a decay in his popularity and power, or so soon as some great movement either in or out of parliament, should force the minister to abandon his manœuvring and come boldly out into the field. All these considerations were no doubt noted from time to time, by Mr. Disraeli, to be acted upon in furtherance of his own designs; but a stronger spur may be found in the scarcely restrained contempt shown by Sir Robert Peel towards some of the most brilliant of his supporters, and more especially, to that very able, but sensitive personage, the member for Shrewsbury. Well would it have been for Sir Robert had he acted towards them with that caution, and in that spirit of cajolery which had often at other periods of his career secured him devoted followers. If a few of the blandishments unnecessarily spread before Mr. Roebuck had been spared for Mr. Disraeli, the minister would have escaped many a bitter pang, nor would his reputation with posterity be so likely, as it now is, to be damaged; when the future historian refers to the living commentator for his apt and ludicrous portrait of the weak side of one, who, from his having been the prominent agent in some of the greatest changes which the British constitution has permitted to the spirit of revolution, might otherwise have taken, almost without question, his place among the great men of past time.

Mr. Disraeli began his assault with much caution. He did not allow his vindictive purpose to be seen in the first instance. Satiated, perhaps, with his leadership of the Young England party, he thought he saw a favourable opportunity, in the growing antagonism between the ministry and the agriculturists, for attaching himself to a much more numerous and influential body, who might, in some future organization of parties attain to power. It is due to him, also to say, that of late years the opinions he advocated assimilated him more with those who afterwards were called the Protectionists, than with any other party. In proportion as the suspicions, and ultimately the hatred, of that party became concentrated on Sir Robert Peel, he was able to make his passions jump with his principles, and gratify his revenge while consolidating his influence. But the first speech in which he began to show his sarcastic power, and to sneer at the then Dictator of the House of Commons, contained nothing of the bitterness which so distinguished his later attacks. There was at that time no open rupture between him and the premier, although it was then generally rumoured that a cause had arisen in secret, in consequence of the refusal of Sir Robert Peel to employ Mr. Disraeli in the public service. He began with caution and a semblance of public spirit; at first including Sir James Graham in his general strictures, and only quizzing Sir Robert Peel incidentally. His speech was on the subject of the Poor Law, and exhibited a singular sustentation and neatness. Though evidently intended by its author as a great effort, there was no extravagance or hyperbolical allusion; there was none of that grandiloquence, or that straining after far-fetched and high-flown images, which had characterised Mr. Disraeli's early efforts. But there were sudden, sly turns of ironical humour, and the ridicule of Sir Robert Peel was so adroitly managed, as to be made to spring up in the mind of the hearer, rather than to be developed in the actual words of the speaker. His manner, too, was not to be mistaken. It spoke more than the meaning of the words, and implied a studied offensiveness and contempt. Still, the points in themselves were trivial, although received with laughter by the malcontents of the House, who had long been growing in number. The chief interest of the speech lay in its being, or seeming to be, a sort of warning declaration of war—a prelude to the more finished compositions that were to follow. Occasionally, too, it exhibited traces of that passion for weak antithesis and mere word play which had disfigured even the best of Mr. Disraeli's previous efforts. One little episode, in a speech made by Mr. Disraeli a short time afterwards, is worth mentioning, partly because the joke is not a bad one, and partly because it shows Mr. Disraeli will not leave old scores of enmity unpaid. He had never forgiven Mr. Hume for his counter-canvassing at the Wycombe election, and he took an opportunity of showing him up in a parliamentary anecdote. When Mr. Canning, in his ministerial capacity, was being annoyed by some of Mr. Hume's obstinate and blundering charges against public men, he declared that the then member for Montrose was continually making allegations which he never succeeded in proving; whereupon our stolid and honest friend Mr. Hume retorted indignantly, that the right honourable gentleman himself was the greatest "Allegator" in the House of Commons. It is needless to say that this anecdote raised a great laugh against Mr. Hume; but Mr. Disraeli has many times raked up such matters to annoy his quondam friends.

The total change that had taken place in the organization of Mr. Disraeli's mind since his first appearance in parliament, was not more shown in the superior tone and polish of his parliamentary speeches, than in the abstinence and self-denial which induced him to address the House at intervals so few and far between. Comparing the effect produced with the infrequency of the efforts, we are the more struck with his refinement of intellectual power. One or two, or, at the utmost, three great speeches in a session sufficed to set a-trembling the finely poised rock of the premier's parliamentary ascendency. It is no argument against the merit of the speaker that all his apparent impromptus must have been carefully conned and prepared. Such laborious application will alone enable a man to carry off the great prize in parliamentary warfare; and those who were accustomed to hear, as far as their convulsions of merriment would allow them, the sudden and startling points of humour and sarcasm towards which Mr. Disraeli was accustomed to work up the level argument or the irrelevant declamation of his speeches, will admit that not even Mr. Sheil himself could have introduced these gems into their setting with a more perfect command of the orator's handicraft. Half their force arose from their coming on the audience by surprise. So well was their approach concealed, that whilst the apprehensive victim was writhing in suspense, he was robbed of the sympathy which his torture might have excited, by the audience being carefully kept in the dark as to the moment when the lash was to be laid on. It has been observed, that the actual sterling capital of ideas by which the effect was produced was comparatively small. No military commander ever knew better how to concentrate a small force upon a weak point, so as to supply the deficiency of great power. Mr. Disraeli seems to have ruthlessly anatomised the character of his antagonist, to have counted his vulnerable points, and to have set apart a sort of field-day for the attack upon each. Invective or raillery, denunciation or sarcasm, were by turns employed to expose the moral delinquency or the personal weakness of the object of the attack; and the fault was laid bare, or the failing held up to ridicule, with a precision and grasp of mind that was only exceeded by the singular polish of the language employed, and the apt choice of the exact moment when the exposure would most serve the purpose of the satirist. We shall fail to convey to the reader unaccustomed to study in detail the characters of public men, or to appreciate the tact with which the train was fired at the felicitous crisis, a clear idea of the effect of Mr. Disraeli's attack by a mere record of the points, aided as they were by his dramatic delivery, One very remarkable speech of his, towards the close of the session 1844, was at the time when, an adverse vote having been passed by the House on the subject of the Sugar Duties, the ministry had murmured threats of resignation. The efforts of Mr. Disraeli to rouse the House from that state of degradation of which, not long before, on the Factory Question, they had given such startling proofs, were among the happiest efforts of declamatory power. It would be tedious to enumerate the many points of the speech; but the *animus* at once of the speaker and his party was shown in the phrase, received with rapturous cheers, in which he characterised Sir Robert Peel, in his position as minister, as one who menaced his friends while he cringed to his opponents. Nor was he less happy when, with one stroke of his pencil, he described the solemn inconsistency with which a Conservative government had adopted Whig policy by denouncing the Peel administration and its moral pretences as an "organised hypocrisy." The value of Mr. Disraeli's points has always consisted in their universal applicability. They were not merely traps for the cheers of a party, but embodied propositions so obvious, in language so terse yet pregnant, that whatever might be the political opinions or predilections of individuals, they were compelled to subscribe to their truth, at the same time that they admired their power.

Long before the speech to which we have just referred, Mr. Disraeli had already acquired a sort of ascendency in the House of Commons. It was not so much respect, as a mixture of fear and admiration, and a relish for his humour, enjoyed for a long time with something like compunction. He had not, of course, the highest of political characters. His early extravagancies and inconsistencies were not wholly forgotten; nor was the palpable vindictiveness of his motives sufficiently veiled by his pretexts of political principle. Therefore, even in the midst of the delirious excitement into which he at times threw the House of Commons, they retained a remembrance of the inadequacy of his provocation and the incongruity of his professions. But at last, assisted by circumstances, and especially by the increasing divergence of the policy of Sir Robert Peel from the line of his former principles, the envenomed art of Mr. Disraeli triumphed over these last faint promptings of moral reluctance. With the increased attention and susceptibility of the House, grew the confidence and ambition of this determined assailant. He changed his former weapons for others more difficult to handle; from single-stick to broad-sword his advance was not more rapid than from broad-sword to rapier and the poisoned dagger. In his earlier attacks he had still observed an ostentatious pretence of public principle; as he grew in temerity and success he flung aside this last mask of his revenge, and resorted to undisguised personality. A more safe mode of attack than to render the premier abhorred for alleged political turpitude, was to make him ridiculous on account of exaggerated personal talents. Not content with confronting Sir Robert Peel as a statesman, Mr. Disraeli sought to undermine him as an orator. Here again we cannot hope to make the reader fully feel the then force and applicability of Mr. Disraeli's points. Between the end of 1844 and the spring of 1845 Sir Robert Peel, who had at first but ill-affected a lofty contempt for his antagonist, began to show by the notice he took of his attacks, that he at last recognised them as great parliamentary facts. To the magnanimous resolution with which Sir Robert strove to resist such admissions, let us bear the testimony of our admiration; but had he been made of adamant itself, he could not have ignored so persevering and powerful an enemy. We are not upholding Mr. Disraeli against the moral censure which may be assumed against him. Sir Robert Peel was, doubtless, at that time working out, at immense sacrifices of political character and personal ease, what he conceived to be a great mission, imposed on him for the good of his country. A more magnanimous enemy than Mr. Disraeli would have acknowledged and respected the difficulties of his position; but wounded vanity knows no conscience, and Mr. Disraeli spared no means, however repulsive, to effect his great object—that of irretrievably damaging the man who had slighted his claims. He had gained one point when he had provoked Sir Robert Peel into a portentous refusal to "bandy personalities" with him. Unfortunately for Sir Robert, those personalities were always linked with some well-aimed accusation, or with some happy criticism; and the very approval of the House, who but a short time before would have resisted any attempt to insult their leading orator, amounted to a practical denial that they were personalities only. Mr. Disraeli met Sir Robert Peel's disclaimer only with increased ingenuity of attack. He quizzed him unmercifully. There was not a failing that he did not hold up to ridicule. When Sir Robert Peel introduced the Bill for the increased grant to Maynooth, he rested his arguments less upon any broad scheme of policy which might have compromised him directly with powerful parties, than upon the fact that the principle had been sanctioned, though obscurely, by parliamentary authority. This gave occasion to Mr. Disraeli to make a hit at the premier, which was at once humorous and true. He said, that with him great measures were always rested on small precedents; that he always traced the steam-engine back to the tea-kettle; that, in fact, all his precedents were tea-kettle precedents. It was in the same speech that he laid it down as a political axiom, that "party was necessary to public liberty in a representative government; that a popular assembly without parties—in fact, five hundred isolated individuals—could not stand for five years against a minister with an organized government without becoming a servile senate." This speech was more profusely studded with brilliant passages of sarcarm and rhetoric than any he had yet delivered. Protesting against the domination of the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and of Sir Robert Peel in the Lower Assembly, he said,—"Another place (using the cant phrase of parliament) "Another place may be drilled into a guard-room, and the House of Commons may be degraded into a vestry,"—thus inferentially casting a slur on the ascendency of the leader of the House of Commons; and then, soon after, he worked his allusion up to a climax by saying, that in the place of all they had been accustomed to honour in the shape of statesmen, whether of the past or of the present age, they had only got "a great parliamentary middle-man." And what was a middle-man? alluding to the great curse of Irish agriculture. "He was a man who bamboozled one party and plundered the other, till having obtained a position to which he was not entitled, he cried out, 'Let us have no party! Let us have fixity of tenure!'" This was one of his most successful hits. But, with merciless pertinacity, he again assailed the irritated premier, startled out of his self-complacency. Sir Robert Peel's influence as an orator had not been attained so much by the intrinsic value or beauty of his speeches, as by the consummate art with which he had organized and pressed into his service contingents unwillingly supplied from the most opposite sources. His parliamentary character rested more upon his course of action than upon his real eloquence. Mr. Disraeli had not failed to remember this great flaw; and he went on to characterise the speeches, through a long series of years, of his antagonist, faithfully reported in Hansard, as "Dreamy pages of interminable talk; full of predictions falsified, pledges broken, calculations that had gone wrong, and budgets that had blown up. And all this not relieved by a single original thought, a single generous impulse, or a single happy expression." This was a hard measure of criticism, but its novelty, if not its truth, met with immediate acceptation from the House of Commons, thus, for almost the first time, led to despise their long-worshipped oracle. His summing up of the political tactics of Sir Robert Peel, one-sided as it was, could not but be admired for its concentrated vigour. He describes it as "a system so matter-of-fact, yet so fallacious; taking in every body, though every body knew he was deceived; a system so mechanical, yet so Machiavelian, that he could hardly say what it was, except a sort of humdrum hocus-pocus, in which the 'Order of the Day' was moved to take in a nation." Those who can remember the mysterious concealment which preceded the announcement of Sir Robert Peel's great measures as a minister, and the astonishment and confusion which followed their disclosure, will be able to appreciate the refined satire of this point, the interest of which was necessarily evanescent. The peroration of the same speech was a powerful stimulant to those who conceived themselves injured by the desertion of their long-trusted leader. Mr. Disraeli called upon them to prove to Sir Robert Peel that "cunning is not caution, nor habitual perfidy high policy of state;" and he wound up by exhorting them "to dethrone a dynasty of deception, by putting an end to this intolerable yoke of official despotism and parliamentary imposture." It was in the same year that Mr. Disraeli made his happy illustration of the political inconsistency of Sir Robert Peel, in which he said that "the right honourable gentleman had caught the Whigs bathing, and had run away with their clothes;" an illustration which, more humorous than refined, was immediately tangible by the popular apprehension. He also threw off an annoying allusion to that irritability which we have already said had become a failing in Sir Robert Peel; when he observed that he had spoken of some of these attacks "in moments too testy for so great a man to indulge in." But the unkindest cut of all was his sneer at one part of the oratory of the right honourable baronet in which he seemed to take great pride, when he advised him to "stick to quotation; because he never quoted any passage that had not previously received the meed of parliamentary approbation." These "points" fall almost dead when repeated on paper. To see their sting it is necessary again to throw yourself into the scene, to recall the relative position of the parties, and to

conceive the utter astonishment with which both the person attacked and the spectators witnessed, not merely the boldness of the assault on one hitherto deemed unassailable except by parliamentary equals, but also the novelty and perfection of the means employed.

The session of 1846 brought Mr. Disraeli's parliamentary triumphs to their climax. He not only displayed still greater debating powers, but he also took a much higher position than ever he had done before. Political events favoured him, by rendering it easy for him to continue, in all their virulence, his attacks on Sir Robert Peel, while he need not make so unblushing a display of his motives. His bitter personalities could now be passed off as indignant outbursts of outraged public spirit; nay, by a large section of the House and a respectable portion of the public, they were regarded as so many evidences of an active patriotism. The minister had now made venture of his last remnant of consistency: he had staked his all on a desperate hazard. Hitherto, however he might have been suspected of meditating a violent change of policy, he had kept, externally, at least, some terms with the great majority of his followers. Long since identified in opinion and feeling with the opposition, he had still been regarded as the acknowledged leader of the Conservative party. So long, therefore, as Mr. Disraeli had continued to pour forth his bitter sarcasms against the man who was still ostensibly his leader, even his happiest efforts—those most ably masked—had something of the aspect of treachery. While admired for their talent, they were frequently condemned for their supposed malignity, even by members of the Conservative party. But now the case was altogether different. Sir Robert Peel was now openly denounced by the agricultural body as a traitor. Even the Corn-law Repealers, and Radicals, although they praised and profited by the boldness of his tergiversation, still did not attempt to deny that the complaints of the Conservative party were just. In this state of the facts, and also of the feelings of the House, Mr. Disraeli found opportunity, not merely for a greater license of speech than he had hitherto indulged in, but also for more sympathy in his hearers, who before had condemned while they admired. In the speeches made by Mr. Disraeli during this year we do not find the same deliberate attempts to hold Sir Robert Peel up personally to ridicule, but we find much more bold language used in condemnation of his conduct as a statesman. The nature of the attack was now different; it rested on broader grounds. Mr. Disraeli had before sought to hold up Sir Robert Peel personally to contempt, he now sought to excite against him national indignation. On the very first day of the session he commenced his assault. Sir Robert Peel had delivered a very long speech; disfigured by some of his most prominent faults, and, at the same time, marked by much of that loftiness of tone which had given dignity and almost high eloquence to his later speeches; in which he had explained the circumstances attending his resignation and reappointment during the recess. He also explained, at much length, his reasons for proposing repeal of the Corn-laws, affecting to undervalue the importance of his change of policy, and merging all considerations of political turpitude in the necessity there was for settling the question Mr. Disraeli delivered on this occasion one of his most brilliant and powerful speeches. Had all the advocates of protection discharged their parliamentary duty with the same vigour, pertinacity, and talent, as were shown by Mr. Disraeli, Sir Robert Peel would not have found the passing of the Corn-bill so easy a matter as he did. One hit in his speech was singularly clever and applicable at the time. Mr. Disraeli said, that he knew of but one parallel case to that of Sir Robert Peel, in his sudden desertion of his party. It was an event which occurred during the last war in the Levant. When that great struggle was taking place—when the very existence of the Turkish empire was at stake, the sultan of that day, a man of great energy and fertile resources, determined to make a last effort to maintain his empire, and fitted out a great armament. It consisted of many of the finest ships of war that had ever been built. The crews were picked, the officers were chosen and selected with the greatest care, and they were rewarded before they fought. Such an armament had never left the Dardanelles since the days of Soliman the Great. The Sultan embraced the admiral, all the muftis prayed for the success of the expedition, just as the muftis in England prayed for success at the last general election. Away went the armament to battle. But what was the consternation of the sultan when his lord high-admiral steered at once into the enemy's port! The lord high-admiral was like the right honourable baronet in that instance, much misrepresented. He, too, was called a traitor. But he vindicated his conduct. He said, "True it is I did place myself at the head of this valiant armada—true that my sovereign embraced me, and that all the muftis in the kingdom prayed for the success of the expedition. But I had an objection to war. I saw no use in prolonging the struggle; and the only reason for my accepting the leadership was that I might terminate the contest by betraying my master." It will readily be supposed that a parallel so apt as this, and brought forward at so happy a moment, was greedily accepted by the House of Commons. It was received with roars of laughter, and it completely counteracted for the time the effect of Sir Robert Peel's pompous declarations of his exalted motives in sacrificing his former principles. The same speech was full of cutting sarcasm and powerful invective. Every sentence teemed with thought, and the whole oration was delivered with a sustained energy of which only the most accomplished orators are capable. Among the many passages in which he attacked Sir Robert Peel was one in which he indignantly denied his claims to be considered a great statesman. He defined a great statesman to be one who connects himself with some great idea, not a man who never originates an idea, but who watches the atmosphere, and, when he finds the wind in a certain quarter, trims his course that way. Such a man was as much a great statesman as a man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip. But the whole speech was full of points highly pertinent to the occasion. Nor was it wanting in the old spirit of ridicule; for Mr. Disraeli had one more fling at Sir Robert Peel's peculiarities as a speaker. For, alluding to the time when he was the leader of the Conservative opposition, and when he had no more ardent follower and panegyrist than Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, he speaks of him with oblivious contempt, as having presented the spectacle of a great orator before a green table, thumping a red box. In the following month, in a speech of almost equal power, Mr. Disraeli returned to the charge. In this speech he also embodied a striking argument in favour of the theory of governing by party, a system which, he contended, was a necessary part of the constitution, and was endangered by the manœuvring of Sir Robert Peel.—*Fraser's Mag.*

THE LATE CAPT. HENRY W. KENNEDY.

OF THE U. S. MARINE CORPS.

["The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory."]

A few years since might occasionally be met promenading Broadway, in the city of New York, a man of fine appearance, in the prime of life, of remarkably erect and soldierlike carriage, (usually clad in military undress, his eyes covered with large green glasses,) led by a young lad, or supported on the arm of a friend, whose military port and handsome person, aside from the peculiar bearing of a blind man, almost necessarily attracted the attention of the passer by. We allude to the late Capt. Henry W. Kennedy, and in so doing know that we shall revive his memory in the recollection of many warm friends, who, while they recall his generous and noble qualities, will sigh at his premature withdrawal from this stage of life. To those friends, the following brief sketch of his career may not be uninteresting:

He was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1797, and with his parents removed during his infancy to the West Indies, where his earlier days were passed. Returning to his country, while yet in his boyhood, he was deprived by death of their protection, and left alone in the world without a single blood relation. At the age of nineteen he determined to adopt the military profession, and having received a commission as lieutenant in the United States marine corps, soon after sailed in a frigate for the Mediterranean, where he expected to take part in the war with the Barbary powers; but before he arrived on the field of contest, the pride of the Ottomite had been humbled, and the stars and stripes floated over the crimson flag of the corsair states, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco, having all been forced to unconditional submission. Returning to the United States, he found the enthusiasm of the country awakened by the Patriot revolution in South America, and impatient of the dulness and inactivity of peace, with a number of other adventurous spirits he resigned his commission, embraced their cause, and, accepting highly flattering propositions from one of the distinguished leaders, sailed, with the rank of captain, for that country, in the year 1817. His cool judgment and intrepidity soon made him conspicuous, and it was not long before he received, from his desperate and adventurous courage, the sobriquet of the "*Gallo Ingles*, or "*English Game Cock*," the people of that country not making any distinction between the North Americans and the English, deeming all who spoke the language Britons. He received accession of rank, and was engaged in a number of actions, and his adventures and hair-breadth escapes, in the battles with the Spaniards and Royalist party, would almost afford material for a volume of romance.

The appearance of the wild native cavalry which he commanded was picturesque in the extreme. His particular corps was clad in a costume made of tiger skins, their helmets representing the head of the ferocious animal—a silk handkerchief, twisted so tightly as to turn the edge of a sabre, knotted round their necks. Dashing in at the head of these wild warriors, he would lead them into the thickest of the fight, cheering them on by his voice, "but rarely," to use his own words, "taking any part in the butchery, other than to ward off the attacks made personally upon himself." The character of the warfare partook of that ferocity which appears to have pertained always to the Spanish arms, forming such an apparent anomaly to their lofty, high-minded and generous qualities; and the heart sickens at the savage fury that, under the sanction of the sacred garb of contest for liberty, prevailed in their conflicts.

Neither party, as a general rule, gave or received quarter, and it was at the risk of his own life that he, in several instances, succeeded in saving the lives of the vanquished. In one case, a Spanish cadet, of noble family, besought his protection on the battle-field, and reckless of the danger of being shot down by his own excited soldiery, he mounted the young officer behind him, and galloping out of the action, conveyed him to a place of security. But perhaps the following incident, one of many related by him, may give a more distinct idea of the character of the warfare waged upon that unhappy soil. In an action, where after very severe fighting the Patriot party had been successful, and the Spanish defeated, his attention was attracted by an isolated group, where a very powerful negro soldier was defending himself with his musket, against the attack of a half-dozen Patriot dragoons, who were dashing like hawks around him, endeavouring to cut him down with their sabres. The black knew that his case was hopeless, and was apparently determined to sell his life at as dear a rate as possible. The swords of the troopers occasionally took effect, causing deep gashes and flesh wounds, from which the blood streamed profusely; but the thick wool of his head had the same effect as the hair crests on the helmets of our cavalry, turning the edge of their sabres, which glanced off inflicting comparatively slight wounds. The contest continued for some time, the negro bleeding from twenty gashes, while Capt. K. was obliged to remain a mute spectator of the scene, any attempt at his rescue being almost equivalent to his own destruction. At length a Patriot officer, deeming it a mercy to put him out of pain, put spurs to his horse, and galloping in, gave him the *coup de grace*, ending the barbarous and unequal combat.

After four years of hardship, adventure, and battle, now victor and now vanquished, now stimulated by the cause of freedom, and now disgusted by the atrocities of savage warfare, the recital of which would fill a volume, (which might perhaps be useful to those who, ignorant of its horrors, are so ready to throw down the gauntlet and rush into the fell arena,) he was severely wounded, and his military career terminated on the plains of Cordova. The party of which he was the leader had been victorious, and the enemy were in full retreat. Halting his horse for a moment, he had loosened the rein and was bending forward for some purpose on his neck, when he found himself enveloped in utter darkness. He clapped his hand to his head, supposing that he had been struck by a ball across the forehead, and that the blood flowing from the wound had thus deprived him of sight.

"His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight."

But the next instant betrayed to him too well his dreadful loss. The blessed light of the sun was thenceforth to be to him a stranger; the green fields, the blue skies, "the plumed troop," with "all the pride, the pomp and circumstance of war," were to be forever shut out from him; the smile of friendship, the scowl of enmity, to be alike unheeded, youth's glowing hopes were quenched—"Othello's occupation gone!"

A spent ball, entering his left eye, had torn it from its socket, passed through the bones of the nose, and buried itself in the right orbit, distorting the eye and destroying its vision forever. A soldier who was near him at the time, said that he saw him eject the ball from his mouth, with the blood, and although Drs. Hosack, Rogers, and Mott gave it as their opinion, after his return to this country, that the ball was still in the right orbit, behind the eye, he was incredulous as to the fact. The risk of inflammation attending the operation, with the exceeding uncertainty and improbability of any benefit being derived, prevented the trial suggested by those gentlemen to ascertain it. With his usual self-collectedness he sent for the officer next in command, and gave him the conduct of his party and his instructions; but in a few days after they were in their turn defeated, and most of the officers made prisoners by the Spaniards, Capt. Kennedy among the number, helpless from his wounds. They were subsequently conveyed to Callao and imprisoned in one of the castles, from which every few days some were marched out and shot.

While imprisoned, among others who took an interest in him was the officer in command of the castle. His fate hung some time in suspense, and his request of the officer was not a little characteristic of the man. "I beg," said he, "that when my time comes I may not be shot like a dog, in the castle ditch, but that I may be allowed to march out and meet my fate in public, like a soldier and a man." This the officer promised, and not long after his prison doors were opened, and, preceded by a band of music and a military guard, he was conducted out into the public *plaza* for execution. A regiment, forming three sides of a hollow square, was drawn up, and standing in the centre with a bandage tied around his eyes, (to him useless precaution,) he awaited his fate. He heard the voice of the officer, and the step of the firing party as they marched out from the ranks; he heard their approach and halt within a few paces—the orders distinctly given—the jar of the muskets as they came to an aim, and the next moment expected to be in eternity, when the officer read from a paper in his hand that, in consideration of the blindness of the prisoner, and his inability to do any farther injury to the Royal cause, the Governor had been pleased to pardon him. He had so made up his mind to his fate, and his situation was so utterly desolate, that, to use his own words, he "received the information without emotion, and without the quickening of a pulse."

Turned thus adrift, without friends, or money, or shelter, his situation was truly deplorable; and if it had not been for the assistance afforded by a young Spanish girl, whose compassion was aroused for him, and other casual charities, he must have perished of want. One morning, standing in the street, his ear was struck by a voice which appeared familiar, and at a venture he called to the passer, "*Ramsay*, is that you?" "My heavens, *Kennedy*, is that *you?*" after a moment's surprise, replied the person addressed; and in another moment he was in the embrace of his friend, Lieut. Ramsay, of the U. S. Ship Constellation. The frigate had arrived in the bay, and in a few hours, clothed, and fully provided for, he was welcomed by his brother officers, and received into the ward-room mess. He remained some time on board the frigate, and in her returned to the United States. Arriving here the marine corps took their old comrade under their protection, until government provided for his wants, by appointing him suttler at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, an office which he could perform by deputy.

His firm and patient deportment, his cheerful and uncomplaining disposition, and his high-minded and generous sentiments, attracted around him a crowd of admiring friends, among whom were many of the more gentle sex, whose sympathies were strongly excited by his situation. As was said in the earlier part of this sketch, he was without a relative on the earth, but his great general information, and powers of entertainment, drew around him many to supply their place, and his rooms were the regular lounge of his brother officers, and other friends, (among whom were many men of talent and standing) who always found him in uniform good-humour and cheerfulness. He never alluded to the calamity which had befallen him, unless questioned upon the subject, and then spoke of it with as much coolness and equanimity as if he had no particular interest in the affair. The ball, a heavy ounce musket ball, was taken, after his death, from the socket of the eye, in whose orbit it had been so long buried, confirming the opinion of the surgeons Singular as it may seem, it gave him no uneasiness, but if it had gone the sixteenth part of an inch further, he must have been instantly killed, when he received the wound on the plains of Cordova.

But his term of life was measured, and he was not destined to reach the three score years and ten of man's allotted pilgrimage. After having been stationed about two years at the navy yard, a complaint of the heart, an enlargement and ossification set in, and after six or eight months of most intense and agonizing suffering which he bore with his characteristic fortitude, and in the intervals of the paroxysms of which his voice was heard, with the same kindness and concern, in inquiries for the interests of his friends, he gradually sank and expired on the evening of the 1st of October, 1829, aged thirty-two years. Though his pillow was smoothed by no wife, nor mother, nor sister, there were not wanting warm friends to bend over his bed-side and soothe him in the hour of his last sad journey; and as they stood around him, and beheld the manly form, from which the spirit defeated had fled, lying cold and still, released from its conflict with pain and agony, the countenance tranquil as was its wont, and calm, they could not but feel that, "after life's fitful fever, he slept *well*."

It was on the afternoon of Sunday, the day following his death, that a coffin, shrouded in the American flag, borne upon the shoulders of soldiers, preceded by the guard of marines, with arms reversed, and followed by a long procession of sailors and citizens, passed from the marine barracks, the instruments of music wailing a mournful dirge, amid the continuous and melancholy roll of the muffled drums, as it slowly and solemnly moved upon its journey along the avenue to the Episcopal cemetery. As it marched onward, numbers of sympathising spectators joined and followed in the procession, and the soft yellow rays of a declining autumnal sun appeared to throw, as if in unison, a sad and congenial light upon the scene. Arrived at the gate of the cemetery, the guard halted and opened to the right and left, their hands clasped upon the butts of their muskets, the muzzles of which rested at their feet, their bronzed and weather-beaten countenances bent sorrowfully upon the grouud, and preceded by the chaplain, wrapped in its country's flag, all that remained of the gallant soldier passed forward to its final resting-place. The group collected around the grave, and the coffin was lowered, and rested upon the bottom of the sepulchre. The beautiful and consoling service of the church was said, and many a heart among the mourners responded to the hollow jar of the sods, as they fell upon the coffin lid.—"Ashes to ashes"—and the religious services were ended. The crowd, with unmoved heads, still stood looking wistfully and mournfully into the narrow pit, when the silence was broken by the stern, "*Forward!*" of the officer, and the measured, heavy tramp of the soldiers of the guard was heard rustling and pressing down the long grass as they approached. The crowd opened, and the swarthy veterans halted and stood statue-like, in double ranks beside the grave. A momentary clang of arms—the same voice was heard—and a sheet of flame, followed by the sudden peal of musketry, glanced over the soldier's sepulchre. Another volley, and another, echoed among the silent chambers of the dead, and their stern farewell was said. The white smoke wreathed mournfully, and hung above the monuments as if reluctant to take its departure, when the column wheeled, and again was heard their heavy tramp retreating through the hollow graves, toward the outlet of the cemetery. A few moments more, and we saw the beams of the setting sun dancing around their bayonets, as with quick step they were returning to their quarters. The crowd and mourners slowly retired, and on the narrow mound then left alone, now lies a marble tablet, inscribed, "*Here rest the remains of Henry W. Kennedy.*"—*Silliman.*

THE DOG OF BRUSSELS.

Does the reader love dogs? If he does not, let him skip this article, for with the dog-hater I have no sympathy. But to some one, methinks, the question will bring back the remembrance of his own faithful Dash, whose delight on the first important day of partridge-shooting was not less evident than that of his master. Or perhaps some single gentleman, who would yet be far from willing to class himself among the fraternity of old bachelors, will give a kindly glance at the little rough wire-haired Scotch terrier, his constant companion by night and day. A mother, too, may look with kindness at the old Blenheim spaniel, which, averse to the caresses of strangers, and discouraging too great familiarity from the seniors of the family, will patiently endure the closest hugging from her baby boy, and return with gentlest love the somewhat rough and teasing fondness of the elder urchins. How well does she remember the day when her wild rosy-cheeked Frank, emancipated from the control of his teacher, whom he somewhat disrespectfully designated a "she-governess," in all the independent manliness of his eighth summer and first cloth jacket, ran down to the river to fish for minnows. His only companion was the brave Newfoundlander, which sat gravely on the bank, watching with a philosophic eye the progress of his young master's sport. Suddenly the boy leant over the bank, the treacherous sod gave way, and the bright curly head was plunged beneath the waters. It was but for a moment: for when the terrified herdsman, whom the child's wild scream had drawn to the spot, came up, he saw the boy's dress tightly grasped in Neptune's powerful jaws, and the dog's massive fore-feet firmly planted on the bank, where his master's child was soon laid in safety. Poor Neptune is now old and feeble; the most he can do is to crawl on a fine day from his nook near the kitchen fire to the sunny step before the hall-door. There he lies, certain that his mistress and her daughters will never pass him by without bestowing a gentle pat on his head, and a bit of soft cake, which he can still masticate. But when the midsummer holidays come, and the fine tall lad, who is to enter college "next half," bounds towards the door, then the poor old fellow rises with unwonted alacrity, and something like the sparkle of former days gleams in his dim gray eye as he meets and returns the caresses of his dear young master Frank

But let me come, without further preface, to a true anecdote with which I became acquainted during a visit to Brussels in the year 1837.

After visiting many of the interesting objects which that pleasant capital offers to the notice of strangers, my companion and I turned our steps towards the Chamber of Deputies. The building is extensive, and occupies three sides of a square, the fourth being open towards the parks. There is a large smooth court in front, which forms a pleasant promenade; but in one corner of it, and somewhat marring the stateliness of the scene, I noticed a common little wooden dog-kennel, which I supposed to belong to a watch-dog. Humble as was this little tenement, it was connected with an incident, of which I had the following history from my loquacious conductress. "Here," she said, "in this Place was the fiercest fighting in the revolution of 1830; for several days after the battle the ground was red with French and Belgian blood."

Just then a shaggy-looking dog, somewhat resembling a large terrier, but, as I thought, an ugly specimen of his race, walked slowly towards us. He looked good-natured, and I stooped to pat him.

"Ay," said the old woman, "madam may caress him now with safety, as he is not on *the spot*."

"What spot?" I inquired; and in reply she told me the following anecdote. "In the revolutionary army that assembled to oppose the Dutch, who invaded our city in the month of September, 1830, was a young French officer, who, wherever he went, was followed by the dog you see. The poor lad was in the thickest of the fighting on the fatal 21st, and fell, covered with wounds, on a spot which I will show you."

She led me towards the centre of the court, but the dog went before, and lay down near a smooth stone, looking up at us with an expression of fierce defiance in his eyes.

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the old lady, "we're not going to disturb you. Don't go near him, madame, while he's there. This was the spot where his master's dead body lay, and he sat beside it, licking the bleeding wounds. At length it was removed for burial, but the dog followed it, and stayed for three days beside the grave. At the end of that time he returned here, and lay down where you see him now, growling savagely, and attacking any one who tried to dislodge him. Some of the people about beat him with sticks, and drove him away; the next day he returned, but was again cruelly hunted off. When he came back for a third time, he was worn to a skeleton from fatigue and hunger, and looked as if he would never rise again from his master's death-place. My husband and I had gone away for awhile, or we would not have suffered the creature to be ill-treated; but one of the directors, who is a very humane man, chanced to pass by just as a rabble of boys were preparing once more to torture the poor faithful dog. He immediately dispersed them, and having inquired into the circumstances connected with the animal, he ordered that he should never be molested; that the kennel which you see should be built for him; and procured a small sum to be allowed weekly for his maintenance. He soon recovered his strength, and you may see by his appearance that he is taken care of. Indeed he is well known in the town; and the little masters and misses that play in the park delight in bringing him sweet cakes, of which he is very fond. However, they know very well that although he is as gentle as a lamb while he is walking up and down, they must never attempt to touch him when lying on his chosen spot, from which, indeed, he never stirs in any direction farther than about a hundred yards. Many of his young friends have tried to entice him to a greater distance; and we have sometimes allowed him to be hungry, and then coaxed him on with his most favourite food; but in vain. He always turned back, and lay down where his master fell. Seven years have now passed away, but it is still the same; the dumb creature never forgets.

During my stay at Brussels I often walked by the place, and never missed the dog from his accustomed haunt, nor saw him pass the self-imposed limits mentioned by the good woman. Her story was confirmed to me by others, so that I can see no reason to doubt its truth. I do not know the name of the dog of Brussels: his faithful limbs have no doubt long ere now mingled with the dust, but memory often recalls the story of his enduring love.

Perchance the tidings of his young master's fall brought darkness to the chambers of some vine-covered cottage of France—robbed fair faces of their smiles, and covered graceful forms with the garb of woe. They wept and lamented; but a year passed over, and the brothers and sisters laughed and conversed as before. The vacant place of the dead was no longer heeded, and his name had become an unspoken word. Another year, and his fair affianced one had consented to become another's bride.

No tear in that bright eye, no shadow on that smooth brow, now told that even one sorrowing thought ever turned towards *his* lonely grave.

Years still passed on, and even in the widowed mother's heart the memory of her soldier boy waxed dim.

She did not forget him quite, and often some trifling object or event would serve to renew her grief. But at other times she could sit and smile, pleased and contented, as though that sharp sorrow of bereavement oad never been felt. The brothers and sisters had each other still—the fair betrothed had another love—the mother had many sons—the *dog* had but one master. Fond and faithful to the end, with constancy that knew no change, that dumb creature's cold vigils on the stone at Brussels put evermore to shame our vaunted human love.

PUBLIC HEALTH.

It gives us pleasure to perceive that the subject of Public Health, to which we have frequently directed attention, is not losing any of its interest with the inhabitants of our larger towns—the section of the population to whom it is most immediately important. The members of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, it appears, have recently been favoured with a course of lectures on the subject by Dr. Guy of King's College, London—a gentleman already well known by his efforts to improve the sanitary condition of the English metropolis. His remarks "On the influence of trades and professions on the duration of life," as given in the newspaper abstracts, contain some statistical information deserving of the widest circulation.

LONGEVITY.

Forming a sanitary scale for the higher classes, we have to place at the bottom of it, as having the shortest lives, the very class which, in every other respect, is raised so high above the common run of mankind—kings. Their lives are even shorter than the average of the great mass of their subjects. The average age at death of all the several classes dying, of 31 years and upwards, is as follows:—Kings of England, 50 years; members of royal houses, not being crowned heads, 64; members of the families of the peerage and baronetage, 67; English gentry, 70. The general opinion which prevailed of the longevity of the peerage and baronetage is decidedly erroneous. If we compare the aristocracy with the members of the several professions, we find them shorter-lived than the clergy, than physicians and surgeons, than barristers; they are also shorter-lived than literary and scientific men, than men engaged in the pursuits of trade and commerce, than officers in the navy; but they have a slight advantage over the officers of the army—a class which is largely recruited from the ranks of the aristocracy. Amongst the professions, the clergy rank first as being most healthy, next physicians and surgeons, and lastly lawyers; but the last two are nearly on a par. Are the aristocracy longer-lived than the working-classes? Ninety-nine out of a hundred would answer yes; but this, however, is very far from being the case. At 30 years of age, the aristocracy have an expectation of 31 years. The expectation for all England is upwards of 34 years, while that for the agricultural labourer is nearly 41 years. It is true there are many members of the aristocracy who live to a great age—so there are of all other classes; but the average, and not extremes, should be our guide. These results show that bodily labour is in the highest degree conducive to health. There are honourable exceptions, but the majority of the aristocracy of all countries yield to the temptations to bodily and mental inactivity, to sloth and luxury, which are so thickly scattered in their path, and the consequences are feeble health and short life. It is the chase, the struggle, the contest, the labour, which is the wholesome and the pleasant thing. Though possession is nine-tenths of the law, it is not a tithe of the pleasure or the profit of the effort by which it is obtained. Labour, then—the labour of the body in the greatest degree, mental exertion to a less extent—is one of the chief elements, indeed *the* chief element, of health and long life. Bodily labour in pure air is the combination which carries health and physical development to its highest pitch of perfection; and this is the fountain from which the community at large draw a personal supply of strength and vigour. It is from the rural districts that the large towns draw their recruits to fill up the wide gaps which disease is always making in their ranks; and it was from the warriors of old that our noble families derived the vigour which has enabled them to continue through successive generations the possessors of hereditary rank and fortune. So, too, the rude health and vigour which exercise alone can produce is constantly forcing its way upwards from the lowest to the highest places in the social scale, to supply the waste of life which luxury is constantly making among the higher classes of the community.

TOWNS'-PEOPLE.

Dr. Guy next compares the three classes which may be said to make up the sum-total of our towns'-population—namely, the gentry, including professional persons; the trading and mercantile class; and the operatives. Some time since, he had been at some pains to extract from the mortuary registers of the metropolis for the year 1839, the ages at death of the three classes of society—gentry, tradesmen, and operatives—dying aged 15 years and upwards; and he found, taking the average, that the gentry lived 59 years; the tradesmen lived only 49, and the labouring class 48: that was to say, the gentry live 11 years longer than the labouring population, and 10 years longer than tradesmen; and this, it should be recollected, in spite of the circumstance that the labouring classes, when favourably placed, live much longer than the higher classes. How unfavourable, then, to health and life must be the circumstances by which they are surrounded in our large towns, to give rise to so very great a disparity! Tables, carefully compiled, went to prove that the tradesman himself is shorter-lived than the working man by one or two years, and much shorter-lived than the members of higher classes; but the families of tradesmen have some advantage over those of the working-classes. The lecturer confessed that, for his part, he was not displeased with this result, for it might induce the middle classes to bring their influence to bear on the legislature to adopt sanitary measures for the good of themselves, their dependants, their workmen, and the nation at large. It was also satisfactory to observe that the lives of the higher classes were shortened, and their health impaired, in all those towns in which the other orders of the community are placed in unfavourable circumstances. The tradesman occupies an intermediate place, in a sanitary point of view, between those of the working-class who are employed out of doors and those who work in. In Leeds, the gentry live 44 years, the tradesmen 27, and operatives 19; in Preston, the gentry live 47 years, the tradesmen 32, and operatives 18; in Bolton, the ages for the three classes are 34 years, 23 years, and 18 years; in Manchester, the average age for the gentry is 38 years, for tradesmen 20 years, and for operatives 17 years. This was bad enough, but Liverpool was worse. Its gentry live on an average 35 years, its tradesmen 22, and its operatives (it scarcely seemed credible) 15 years! The average for the whole town is only 17 years, which is precisely the average for the operative class alone in the most unhealthy parish in London!

CONSUMPTION.

The three classes of society—gentry, tradesmen, and operatives—were then contrasted in reference to their liability to consumption. While 1 death out of every 6 occurring in the gentry, 15 years of age and upwards, was due to consumption, 1 out of every 3½ occurring among tradesmen of the same ages, and one out of every 3¼ occurring in the labouring class, is traceable to that cause. It was not uninteresting to observe also that consumption, when it does occur, takes place later in life among the gentry than among tradesmen, and later among tradesmen than among the operative and labouring class. Persons employed in-doors die earlier, attain a lower average age, are more liable to consumption (and those who die of it, die at an earlier age), than persons working in the open air. Some might perhaps be inclined to attribute this superior wholesomeness of out-door occupations not to the purer air, but to the exercise which often accompanied them: but that this was not the case, might be inferred from the circumstance, that the hawker, who sits or stands about in our streets and markets, and uses quite as little exertion as the majority of the persons employed within doors, enjoys the same comparative immunity from consumption, and this in spite of his constant exposure to one of its most exciting causes—cold. He had found, from experience, that the liability to consumption was inversely as to the amount of exertion; that consumption occurs earlier in sedentary employments than in those requiring more exertion; and in the latter, again, in those requiring great exertion; that the deaths from all causes follow the same rule; and that the average age at death is lowest in the sedentary class. There was then abundant proof that in employments carried on in-doors, exercise has a most beneficial effect. This was illustrated by the case of the compositor and pressman. They both breathe the same kind of air, in rooms similarly constructed, warmed, and lighted; they resembled each other, in fact, in everything but the amount of exertion which they employ. A comparison gave the striking result, that while the compositor suffers from attacks of consumption in about 3½ of all other diseases, the pressman is liable to only 1 in 5. Then the question suggested itself, Was exercise in all its degrees conducive to health? Could a man not use too much exertion? Undoubtedly he might. Too much exertion, like too little, tended to shorten life. The result of an accurate comparison which he had made was, that the average age of pressmen is 34 years, that of compositors 28. It was a fair inference, then, that the pressman lived on an average six years longer than the compositor; and yet it was a curious fact that the compositor attains, in rare instances, a much greater age than the pressman. Thus, while the oldest pressman whom he had found at work was 60, the oldest compositor was 72. This apparent anomaly was easily explained. Men who work hard, begin, towards 50 years of age, to suffer from diseases produced by over-exertion, which diseases, if they continue their employment, are sure to prove fatal before many years have passed: but, on the other hand, those who lead a sedentary life, having resisted the unwholesome influences to which they are exposed, continue to live on in the use of a degree of exertion quite compatible with diminished strength, and may attain a good old age. In conclusion, Dr. Guy alluded to the relative amount of injury from want of exercise and foul air. It was an acknowledged fact, that consumption could be produced in animals by confining them in a hot and foul atmosphere; which was equivalent to consigning human beings, and especially the young, to sedentary occupations in ill-ventilated workshops. The labourer at 30 years of age has an expectation of 40½ years; the clerk of only 22½ years—a difference of no less than 13 years: and does this not speak volumes in favour of air and exercise? and does it not force upon us the duty of striving, with all our might and means, to secure for the poorer inhabitants of large towns facilities for exercise and pure air, of which a long course of negligence has deprived them?

For the Albion.

WHAT IS HOPE?

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

What is Hope? The morning gale,
That bears upon its wing
The perfume of the thousand flowers
Of life's fresh blooming *Spring*.

What is Hope? Life's noontide sun,
In *Summer's* blushing prime,
That, with its tints, so brightly gilds
The fleeting wings of time.

What is Hope? The mellowing breath
Of *Autumn's* gentle gale,
That ripens for the reaper, Death,
The wanderers of life's vale.

What is Hope? Life's waning moon,
When *Wintry* storms arise,
That, through the vista, brightly seen,
Doth guide us to the skies.

Miscellaneous.

Picture Frames by Steam.—The last number of the *Art Union* contains an account of a new process of manufacturing picture frames by steam. "The invention," it says, "is that of Mr. Bielefield; and the result at which he arrives is a really good and ornamental frame at the lowest price (eighteenpence per foot) at which the meanest wooden shelter in which a work of art ever found refuge can be manufactured. This is, as usual, effected by machinery. Any of the common forms, technically called ogee, ovolo, bevel, hollow, &c., can be enriched with the most delicate work similar to engine-turning, or by relieved arabesques of any design. The principle is new, as applied to manufacture of this kind; it is simply to pass any length of frame under a roller in which is cut the desired pattern. This roller, the radius of which is but a few inches, is turned out of a new cast of gun metal, and is driven by a steam-engine. The wood which is passed under it is necessarily soft, say the best pine, and receives at any length the impress of the most delicate tracery which can be engraved on the metal. The advantages of this are sufficiently apparent; but there are yet others which may be mentioned. The wood comes from the machinery ready for gilding, or complete as an imitation of ebony or Florentine bronze, and also in colours, and having preserved on the surface the design in all its sharpness, which would be deteriorated by the ordinary method of whitening and sizing. The process is a patent, and so recent that the extent of the operation is by no means developed, although the inventor will apply it to the manufacture of frames for pictures of all sizes. For many years there has been no improvement in the manufacture of frames; at least, none to render an acceptable frame accessible to limited means. The want has been a source of complaint, when so many of the most beautiful productions of the burine are no longer very costly. An outcry may be raised by those employed in the manufacture according to the old method; but under the auspices of the *genius temporis*, it is the good of the many we must advocate; and considering the cheapness of good prints, of that class likely to come into the possession of the middle classes, the discovery is very apposite to the time. The results of this machinery will soon be, if it be not at this moment, such as to enable him who buys a print for a shilling to place it in a worthy frame for another shilling or very little more. And when we speak of a shilling print, let no one suppose that we allude to an inferior work: some admirable productions of art may now be attained for that sum; may we not refer to those which appear in the present number of our journal, and those which we hope to present to our subscribers!" We understand that the Messrs. Keys, at 52, Boldstreet, have purchased the sole right of sale for Lancashire for the above frames from the patentee, Mr. Bielefield, of London. We have seen some specimens, which surpass in beauty anything we have ever seen produced at six times the cost.

The New Planet.—We are glad to observe that Mr. Adams' elaborate investigations relating to the New Planet have just been published as a supplement to the *Nautical Almanac* for 1851. To the scientific men of all nations, under whose eyes the dates and results will thus be brought, the judgment is now left whether, but for well known unfortunate circumstances, Mr. Adams' researches would not have led to the actual discovery of the planet long prior to September 1846; and we look forward with perfect confidence to the opinion they will finally record in the history of astronomical discoveries. But that in the scene of his labours some special tribute should be paid to Mr. Adams' merits we have always thought; and therefore we have great pleasure in announcing that the Master and Fellows of St. John's College are taking steps to establish a valuable mathematical prize, to be connected with Mr. Adams' name, and to be a lasting testimony of respect for one who, in the words of Prof. Challis' report, "by his talents and labours has done honour to the university, and maintained the scientific reputation of the country."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Too much Anxiety.—Of the causes of disease, anxiety of mind is one of the most frequent and important. When we walk the streets of large commercial towns, we can scarcely fail to remark the hurried gait and careworn features of the well-dressed passengers. Some young men, indeed, we may see with countenances possessing natural cheerfulness and colour; but these appearances rarely survive the age of early manhood. Cuvier closes an eloquent description of animal existence and change with the conclusion that "life is a state of force." What he would urge in a physical view, we may more strongly urge in a moral. Civilisation has changed our character of mind as well as of body. We live in a state of unnatural excitement; because it is partial, irregular, and excessive. Our muscles waste for want of action; our nervous system is worn out by excess of action. Vital energy is drawn from the operations for which nature designed it, and devoted to operations which it never contemplated.—*Thackeray.*

Effect of Light upon Health.—There is a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect in regard to the sun.—Those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is well known that epidemics attack the inhabitants of the shady side of a street, and totally exempt those of the opposite side.—*Dr. Moore.*

Mr. William Clowes, the eminent printer, whose extensive works are the object of great admiration to all who have seen them, and are visited among the sights of London, by foreigners, died, at the age of 68, on Tuesday evening, after a short but severe illness.

New Mode of Surgical Operations.—Mr. Charles Guthrie, the surgeon, skilfully performed the operation of lithotomy with perfect success on Wednesday, at the Ophthalmic Hospital, on a male patient, aged twenty-five. He extracted a rough stone, larger than a hazel-nut, whilst the sufferer was in a condition of complete insensibility, his pulse unvarying, and his memory, on awakening from his trance, as of a pleasant dream, during which he had visited his native village in Norfolk!

The Society of Arts is said to be contemplating an Annual Exhibition of a kind no less novel than useful. It is proposed to bring together and exhibit, in the great room of the Society, the pictures of some one eminent *living* artist of the English school: to make a charge for the exhibition, and to apply the profits to the purchase of a painting by the artist of the year, to be given to the National Gallery. The picture to be an express commission.—*Correspondent.*

A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain? "No, sir;" was Abernethy's prompt reply, "for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff."

According to the Catholic Directory there are in Great Britain 622 Catholic churches and chapels, 14 Colleges, 8 monasteries, and 818 missionary priests.

It is common to speak contemptuously of tailors and dress-makers. This is bad taste: none but a rat would run down the *sewers.*

A drop or two of honey, well rubbed on the hands while wet, after washing with soap, prevents chapping, and removes the roughness of the skin.

It is said that a company is about to be formed in London for the erection of public ovens, on the same principle as the baths and wash-houses.

An attempt to poison yourself is a *rash* act, but a slice of bacon is a *rasher.*—A showery day is *damp,* but the refusal of a young lady is a *damper.*

The Hon. H. E. Addington, son of Lord Sidmouth, committed suicide at his father's residence, at Albury, near Guilford, by hanging himself from the bedpost. He was of unsound mind for some time.

The *Reforme* states that "the criminal prisons of La Force and the Conciergerie are at present peopled with almost as many nobility as the Faubourg St. Germain. On the 15th of January those prisons contained twenty-eight gentlemen, eleven knights of the Legion of Honour, seven barons, six viscounts, five counts, and two marquises."

From Punch.

Absenteeism.—The sun has been an absentee now for several days—in the North for several weeks. We think Mr. Hume should move for a remission of the Window Tax upon every foggy day throughout the year—though this would be equivalent (as a foreigner would say) to the repeal of the Tax altogether. But it is rather too bad that we should be called upon to pay for light, when we do not have it. Some change, however, is necessary, for the present system of burning the candle at both ends—paying for candles and daylight too—is enough to ruin everybody but the tallow-chandlers.

Oil for Irish Light-Houses.—The Dublin Corporation advertise for a supply of the above commodity. Could not Mr. O'Connell supply the native article; no man being a greater holder of Irish Palm-oil than the honourable gentleman?

Ne Sutor, &c.—We understand that Mr. Dunn, the ex-suitor of Miss Burdett Coutts, has protested on his own account against the Spanish marriages. He declares himself, at least, entitled to compensation on the ground of his having intended himself for the hand of the Queen, or at least, of her sister the Infanta.

Painless Surgical Operations.—The establishment of the fact that surgical operations may be performed without pain, has been properly described as "Good News for Travellers by Railway."

An Answer is Wanted.—Will Mr. Daniel O'Connell have the goodness to tell us what has become of his beautiful maxim—"England's need is Ireland's opportunity?" Recent events in the two countries should convince him that England's treatment towards Ireland is exactly the reverse.

A Tremendous Tenor.—Among the tenors announced to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, is one of the name of Fraschini, who, according to Lablache, has such a voice as to make it appear that he sings from his eyes and ears. This will enable him to sing a quartette all by himself, for what with a voice in each ear, and the assistance of his two favourite pupils in his eyes, he can make up four parts with the greatest facility. His eyes will probably be merely secondary in his musical efforts, acting as a sort of accompaniment in the shape of a couple of organs of vision. Rossini, it appears, called the same gentleman the "*Tenore della maladizione,*" or the tenor of the curse, on account of his terrific power of cursing all the *artistes* he is in the habit of singing with.

The Parliamentary Season.—Considering there has been as much anxiety to ascertain what will be the proceedings of the rival parparties in Parliament, as there has been curiosity to know what are the plans of the rival opears, we wonder that no programme has been officially put forth by the legislative troupe. The arrangements, nevertheless, have been made on a scale of unusual vastness. Lord Stanley will be *primo tenore,* Lord George Bentinck will be *altero primo tenore,* and Mr. Benjamin Disraeli will be the *tenore della Maledizione,* or tenor, employed to do all the malediction business that will be required in the course of a season expected to be rich in the opportunities for execration. Mr. Borthwick will take the Bass parts, and there will be an efficient chorus, consisting of a selection of the best voices from the company of last season.

The orchestral arrangements are not yet completed; but we are enabled to announce that Mr. Tom. Duncombe will be as vigorous as ever upon the big drums or *gross cases.*

The novelties will be numerous; but several works from the old *répertoire* of the few last seasons will be again brought forward.

Lord John Russell will act as conductor, and in hopes of completing some production which will give an opportunity for a combination of all the principal political artists in one grand piece of harmony. We understand that an Irish subject is one of the first that this grand experiment will be tried upon.

THE EYE.

DR. WHEELER, OCULIST, No. 29 Greenwich street, near the Battery, New York, devotes his exclusive attention to diseases of the Eye and Ophthalmic Surgery, and assures the public that there are not amongst the numerous diseases to which the human eye is subject, any disorders of that organ which cannot be essentially relieved or entirely cured by him, in most instances without surgical operation, and without the patients being subjected to much inconvenience or pain.

Artificial Eyes for sale, and which will be inserted on reasonable terms.

☞ Office hours from 8 A.M. to 1 o'clock, P.M., after which he will visit out-door patients.

A pamphlet containing remarks on diseases of the eye, with numerous instances of great cures effected by Dr. Wheeler's mode of treatment, can be had, gratuitously, at his residence, or the same will be forwarded to any one making application to him by letter post paid. feb 27.

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAM SHIPS of 1200 tons and 440 horse power each.

Under contract with the Lords of the Admiralty.

Hibernia, ...Capt. Alexander Ryrie.
Caledonia, ...Capt Edward G. Lott.
Britannia, ...Capt. John Hewitt,
Cambria, ...Capt. Charles H. E. Judkins
Acadia, ...Capt. William Harrison.

Will sail from Liverpool and Boston, via Halifax, as follows.

FROM BOSTON	FROM LIVERPOOL
Hibernia, on the 1st February, 1847.	Hibernia, on the 5th January, 1847.
Cambria " 1st March, 1847.	Cambria " 4th February 1847.
Hibernia " 1st April, 1847.	Hibernia " 4th March, 1847.

Passage money. From Boston to Liverpool, $120. From Boston to Halifax, $20.
These ships carry experienced Surgeons. No berth secured until paid for.
No freight except specie received on days of Sailing.
For freight or passage, or any other information, apply to
D. BRIGHAM, Jr. Agent, at HARNDEN & Co's., No. 6 Wall-steeet.

☞ In addition to the above line between Liverpool and Halifax and Boston, a contract has been entered into with Her Majesty's Government to establish a line between Liverpool and New York direct The steam ships for this service are now being built, and early next year due notice will be given of the time when they will start under the new contract. The steamers will sail every Saturday during eight months, and every fortnight during the other four months in the year; going alternately between Liverpool and Halifax and Boston, and between Liverpool and New York.
oct 17.

NEW YORK AND LONDON PACKETS,—To sail on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every month

This line of pckets will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York on the 1st, 8th, 16th, and 24th of every month, from London on the 6th, 13th, 21st, and 28th, and Portsmouth on the 1st, 8th, 16th, and 24th, of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.			Days of Sailing from London.		
St. James,	F. R. Meyer,	Jan. 1,	May 1,	Sept. 1	Feb. 21,	June 21,	Oct. 21
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8	" 28,	" 28,	" 28
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16	Mar. 6,	July 6,	Nov. 6
Toronto,	J. Pratt,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24	" 13,	" 13,	" 13
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	Feb. 1,	June 1,	Oct. 1	" 21,	" 21,	" 21
Mediator,	D. L. Stark,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8	" 28,	" 28,	" 28
Quebec,	F. H. Hebard,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16	April 6,	Aug. 6,	Dec. 6
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24	" 13,	" 13,	" 13
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	Mar. 1,	July 1,	Nov. 1	" 21,	" 21,	" 21
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8	" 28,	" 28,	" 28
Independence,	W. R. Bradish,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16	May 6,	Sept. 6,	Jan. 6
Ame. Eagle(new)	J.M.Chadwick,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24	" 13,	" 13,	" 13
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1	" 21,	" 21,	" 21
Westminster,	H. R. Hovey,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8	" 28,	" 28,	" 28
Rob't, Peel,(new)	D. Chadwick,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16	June 6,	Oct. 6,	Feb. 6
Marg. Evans(new)	E. G. Tinker,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24	" 13,	" 13,	" 13

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the Beds, Wines, Stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at $75, outward, for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor owners of these vessels will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packets, sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-street, or GRINNELL, MINTURN CO., 78 South-st

aug 15, 1846.

POLITICAL DEPARTMENT AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Imperial Parliament.

COST OF FEEDING IRELAND.

House of Commons, Jan. 26.

Mr. ROEBUCK questioned Lord John Russell respectiug the calcula tions which must have been made as to the probable cost of the govern ment scheme, and the plan contemplated for raising the requisite sum.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL said he could answer as to what had hitherto been the cost of the plans pursued—

The amount issued up to the 1st of January, from the Exchequer, was 1,000,000*l.* sterling, or close upon it, namely, 999,000*l.* There had been since further issues; and at the present moment those additional issues from the Exchequer amounted to another million. That was to say, 2,000,000*l.* had been issued from the Exchequer on account of the Poor-Employment Act of last session. With respect to the Commissariat, that was a current account: certain provisions had been bought and sold, and it was impossible to make an accurate account under this head at the present moment; but he anticipated that there would be no great loss with respect to that account. If the present plan were to be continued under the existing act of Parliament, the government could not expect that less than 500,000*l.* or 600,000*l.* a month would be spent from the present time until August; the larger sum would probably be the amount, and the whole expenditure would probably not be less than 7,000,000*l.* But by the plan proposed by the Government, he believed that there would be a reduction of the expense which would otherwise accrue under the existing act. How much that reduction might amount to, he was not at present able to say, because it was impossible to state how soon the present works might be discontinued, or what would be the cost of the new plan to be in operation; yet he conceived that there would be found a reduction of the expense at present incurred under the present act of Parliament. The honourable gentleman would see that the moment was hardly come when the Government could make a sufficient estimate of the expense of the plans at present in operation, and of those proposed to be substituted for them. With respect to the honourable gentleman's other question—as to what financial measure would be proposed in order to provide for the expenditure, he thought it would be far better, in the present state of information as to the whole amount of the expense, not at present, by replying to the question, to commit the Government to any arrangement on that point, but to reserve the matter until the financial statement to be made at a subsequent period of the session. Whether the statement would be deferred beyond the ordinary period, he could not now say. However, either himself or the Chancellor of the Exchequer would make a full statement on the subject, and due notice would be given of it.

Mr. ROEBUCK pressed for an answer respecting the cost of Lord John's proposals for buying land and lending money.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL replied, that Mr. Roebuck would be better able to form a judgment of the various plans when the bills should come before the House. With respect to the million appropriated by the Drainage Act, Government would merely alter the conditions on which the money was to be lent, not those of its future repayment, nor the interest to be paid, but only the purposes for which it was to be lent.—With respect to the waste lands, the Government proposed, by the bill to e introduced, that one million should be advanced for their improvement. But with respect to most of these items he might mention, that it was considered that considerable outlay would be incurred at first, which would be eventually repaid.

On the same evening, Lord GEORGE BENTINCK gave notice that on Wednesday next he would ask leave to bring in a bill to stimulate the prompt and profitable employment of the people by encouraging railroads in Ireland.

CHELSEA PENSIONS.

House of Commons, Jan. 26.

Mr. FOX MAULE moved for leave to introduce a bill to abolish the poundage on the pensions of Chelsea pensioners. Before 1754, if a pension was allotted to any soldier on the 1st of January in any year, no part of that pension was paid to him until the 31st December; it was paid annually, and in arrear. The consequence was, that when the soldier lost his full pay, this period having to elapse before he could draw any reward for his past services, he found at his elbow numerous money-lenders ready to take every advantage of him; and this system had proceeded so far, that in 1754 the Government thought it absolutely necessary, as a matter of justice to the pensioner, to interfere by a law enacting that the payments to Chelsea pensioners should be made six months in advance, and that no one should aid in forestalling any pension; and at the same time, to make up to the public for paying this large sum in advance, the pensioners were to be charged—and they most gladly submitted to it—five per cent upon their pensions. This state of things continued until the present moment, except in the case of pensions given to men enlisted after 1833. On the pensions granted in the Navy there was however, no charge of poundage. The pensions to the Artillery were formerly paid through the Ordnance, and it was not the practice to charge poundage upon these; and hence, when the two classes came to be amalgamated, there was a striking anomaly, and the charge came to be considered in the light of tax. Ist became also extremely inconvenient with reference to the public service. The bill was brought in.

CRUELTIES TO BRITISH SUBJECTS IN THE RIO DE LA PLATA.

House of Commons, Jan. 28.

Mr. ROSS asked for some explanation respecting Mr. Wardlaw, acting mate of the Queen's ship Racer, who was treacherously murdered by the soldiers of Rosas while carrying a flag of truce; and also respecting a decree by Rosas, declaring that he would treat as pirates any French or British officers who might fall into his hands.

Lord PALMERSTON replied, that instructions had been sent out to the British Admiral to make inquiries into Mr. Wardlaw's case, but the report had not been received. As to the other point, the House might well imagine that the declaration that British officers in her Majesty's service, acting in obedience to their orders, were to be treated as pirates, could only be met in one way by the British Government.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGES.

From the Correspondence laid before both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.

No. 1.—*The Earl of Aberdeen to Sir Robert Gordon.*

Extract: *Foreign Office, March 16th, 1842.*

M. Pageot, late chargé d'affaires at Madrid, has been sent by the King of the French to this country with the view of explaining to her Majesty's Government the opinion and policy of his sovereign respecting Spain, and in the hope of obtaining our concurrence.

I have accordingly seen M. Pageot, who, in a long interview, has fully developed the objects of his mission.

The great remedy which the King of the French proposes for all the evils of Spain, both present and future, is an agreement respecting the marriage of the Queen. He declares that he entirely renounces all pretensions for any son of his ow..; but that France will never submit to see the Queen married to any Prince but a member of the family of Bourbon. He is indifferent respecting what individual may be selected, or from what branch of the family; but according to the expression of M. Pageot, he would place his veto upon the choice of a Prince of any other House. Should such a marriage as that which he contemplates be effected, he presumes that the Northern Powers would at once renew their friendly relations with Spain, and that by the cordial assistance and support of France, the tranquillity and happiness of the country would be secured.

To all this and a great deal more urged by M. Pageot in the same sense, I replied that I did not recognize in France, or in all Europe, any right whatever to dispose of the hand of the Queen of Spain. That when the King of the French acknowledged the succession of the Queen, he did so without any stipulation that she should marry a Bourbon Prince, and that he must have known such an event was necessarily uncertain; that although for political reasons connected with the preservation of the balance of Europe, England would not look with indifference on the choice of a French Prince, we by no means pretended to place a veto upon the family of Bourbon, and that if the Queen of Spain and her government thought fit to make such a selection, we should readily accept the Prince as her husband. In truth, we regard this question as entirely and exclusively Spanish, and that it ought to be regulated by considerations affecting the happiness of the Queen and the welfare of her people. It is for the Spanish nation and government to advise in a matter so important to the interests of Spain.

M. Pageot leaves London to-morrow on his return to Paris, and I have reason to believe that he will be dispatched on a similar mission to Vienna and to Berlin. I trust that the view of this subject taken by Prince Metternich will be found to agree with that entertained by her Majesty's Government, and that your Excellency will not meet with any disposition in the Austrian cabinet to encourage a proceeding which is really at variance with the honour and dignity of an independent state.

No. 2.—*The Earl of Aberdeen to Sir Robert Gordon.*

Extract: *Foreign Office, April 26, 1842.*

The Baron de Neumann has communicated to me a despatch containing the summary of a conversation between Prince Metternich and M. Pageot, relative to the marriage of the Queen of Spain; as well as the copy of a memorandum on the same subject, delivered to the Prince by that gentleman.

Her Majesty's Government have seen without surprise the sentiments which have been expressed by the Austrian Cabinet, and have witnessed with much satisfaction their conformity with those entertained in this country. It was to be expected that the sense of right and justice, for which the Court of Vienna is distinguished, would at once revolt against any attempt to dictate in such a matter to an independent State.

This sacrifice of a Prince of his own family by the King of the French, has led to the unreasonable attempt to force upon the choice of the Queen some other member of the House of Bourbon, to the absolute and peremptory exclusion of all competition. M. Pageot has even ventured to insinuate that the peace of Europe may depend upon such a settlement.

Now it is possible that the family of Bourbon may offer to the Spanish nation the most eligible stock from which to select the husband of their Queen. Upon the subject we desire to express no opinion; but to leave it to the unfettered judgment of the Government and people of Spain. One thing is certain, whether such a marriage be desirable or not, the manner in which it is propounded is calculated to excite feelings of indignation and resistance in the breast of every Spaniard who values the dignity and independence of his country.

No. 3—*The Earl of Aberdeen to Lord Cowley.*

Extract: *Foreign Office, Dec. 15, 1843.*

The marriage of the Queen is certainly one of the most essential elements in the policy which proposes for its object the welfare and peace of Spain.

Her Majesty's Government have already declared that they view the marriage of the Queen of Spain as a question, for the decision of which they must naturally look to Spain itself. In making this declaration they have taken it for granted that the people of Spain, in considering this great object of national interest, will not fail to have due regard to the domestic comfort and happiness of their Sovereign, and to the honour and independence of their country.

Under this conviction, Her Majesty's Government are still of opinion, that to the Queen and nation should be left the selection of the Royal Consort. But in repeating this declaration it is right also to state that Her Majesty's Government will not be found unwilling to offer such friendly counsel to the Spanish Government, in a matter involving important European interests, as may aid them in coming to a sound decision. With this view, although Her Majesty's Government cannot admit that the preferable claims of any Prince or family are such as to control the free choice of the Spanish Government, they would be fully disposed to concur in the proposition of the Cabinet of Tuileries, and to recommend the selection of the Queen's consort should be made from the descendants of Philip the Fifth. Such an arrangement would seem to correspond with the national feelings, in favour of a kindred race, in the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon, and would be calculated equally to secure the future independence of Spain, and to protect the general interests of Europe.

In that proposition, therefore, Your Excellency is authorized to assure M. Guizot that Her Majesty's Government are quite willing thus conditionally to concur; and they will use all suitable endeavours, in concert with France, to promote such a choice as may confer happiness upon the Queen, and satisfy the patriotic desires of Her Majesty's subjects.

No. 4.—*Lord Cowley to the Earl of Aberdeen.*

Received May 5.

Extract. *Paris, May 2, 1845.*

To this I answered, that from the first moment that the Queen's marriage had come under discussion, your Lordship had invariably maintained that it was a subject, the decision upon which belonged exclusively to Spain, and one in which the other Powers of Europe were in no manner entitled to interfere; excepting, indeed, to oppose a connexion which might hereafter disturb the peace of Europe.

No. 7.—*The Earl of Aberdeen to Mr. Bulwer.*

Extract: *Foreign Office, Nov. 17, 1845.*

Sir.—You are aware that when the King of the French renounced on the part of the Princes of his own family, any pretension to the hand of the Queen, he declared, at the same time, that it was essential to the interests of France, that the Throne of Isabella should be shared by a descendant of Philip the Fifth. Her Majesty's Government, while they protested against the right of France, or any other State, to limit the free choice of the Spanish Government, readily admitted that they could contemplate the existence of various reasons which might recommend the selection of a Prince of the House of Bourbon as the husband of the Queen; and to such a selection, if made with a due regard to the interests of Spain, they would offer no opposition.

Inclosure in No. 8.—*The Earl of Aberdeen to the Duke of Sotomayor.*

M. le Duc: *Foreign Office, June 22, 1846.*

You have informed me that you had been instructed to ascertain whether it would call forth the displeasure of the British Government if the Cabinet of Madrid should find it necessary, in the interest of the Spanish Monarchy, to select some Prince as the future husband of the Queen, other than a member of the family of Bourbon; and also whether if France should resent this proceeding, and attempt to coerce the free action of the Spanish Government, it would be regarded with indifference by Great Britain.

I can have no difficulty in answering these inquiries. We have always denied and still deny the right or pretension of the French Government to impose a member of any family upon the Spanish Nation, as the husband of the Queen, or to control in any manner the decision of a question so purely Spanish. But we have felt and have readily admitted that there might be various reasons which should induce the Spanish Government preferably to select from the House of Bourbon a Prince, for this station. Of these reasons the desire on the part of Spain, and the interest of Spain to maintain friendly relations with France, might naturally be supposed to possess much weight. We therefore urged no objection against the proposal of seeking among the descendants of Philip the Fifth for a husband for the Queen, provided such choice should be conformable to the inclinations of Her Majesty and the interests of her Government.

We have never offered any objection to the selection of the Count de Trapani when it was proposed to unite Queen Isabella to her uncle; but when this alliance had manifestly become odious to the nation, we ventured, although without any English candidate or English preference, to point out the Infant Don Enrique as the Prince who appeared to us to be the most eligible, because the most likely to prove acceptable to the people of Spain.

If it should be found that no descendant of Philip the Fifth can safely be chosen, consistently with the happiness of the Queen, or with a due regard to the tranquillity of the country; the Spanish Government, in the exercise of their independent judgment, must act in such a manner as may be dictated by a sense of their own dignity and interest; and in this case it could be no cause of displeasure to Great Britain if they were to select a Prince from some other family.

Whatever might be the disappointment experienced by France at such a decision, I cannot for a moment admit the possibility of any thing so unreasonable and unjust as an attempt to control the choice of the Queen in a matter of this kind. The French Government must be perfectly aware that no marriage which does not accord with the wishes of the Queen and receive the assent of her people, can be at all likely to promote the happiness of the Sovereign or the welfare and prosperity of Spain.

France is too deeply interested in the tranquillity of Spain, and the Court of the Tuileries is much too enlightened and too just to entertain the notion of such an interference as that supposed. It may therefore be at once rejected as impossible. But if, contrary to all reason and probability, any such project, that is to say an attempt to control the wishes and feelings of the Queen, and the clearly understood will of her people, should be contemplated, there can be no doubt that Spain would not only receive the warmest sympathy of Great Britain, but of all Europe.

I am, &c., Signed, ABERDEEN.

No. 10—*Viscount Palmerston to Mr. Bulwer.*

Extract: *Foreign Office, July 19, 1846.*

There seem to be two questions which at the present moment prominently attract the attention of those who take an interest in the affairs of Spain. The one is the marriage of the Queen, the other is the political condition of the country.

In regard to the first question, I have not at present any instructions to give you in addition to those which you have received from my predecessor in office. The British Government is not prepared to give any active support to the pretensions of any of the Princes who are now candidates for the Queen of Spain's hand, and does not feel itself called upon to make any objection to any of them.

The choice of a husband for the Queen of an independent country is obviously a matter with which the Government of other countries are not entitled to interfere, unless there should be a probability that the choice would fall upon some Prince so directly belonging to the reigning family of some powerful foreign State that he would be likely to connect the policy of the country of his adoption with the policy of the country of his birth, in a manner that would be injurious to the balance of power, and dangerous to the interests of other States. But there is no person of this description among those who are now named as candidates for the hand of the Queen of Spain; those candidates being reduced to three, namely, the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, and the two sons of Don Francisco de Paula. I omit Count Trapani and Count Montemolin, as there appears to be no chance of the choice falling upon either of them. As between the three candidates above mentioned, Her Majesty's Government have only to express their sincere wish that the choice may fall upon the one who may be most likely to secure the happiness of the Queen and to promote the welfare of the Spanish nation.

In regard to the second of the above mentioned questions, namely, the political condition of Spain, I have not, any more than upon the first question, any particular instructions to give you at the present moment. That political condition must, indeed, be the subject of deep regret and concern to every well-wisher to the Spanish people. After a struggle of now thirty-four years duration for constitutional freedom, Spain finds herself under a system of Government almost as arbitrary in practice, whatever it may be in theory, as any which ever existed in any former period of her history.

She has indeed a Parliament by law; but all freedom of election for the members of that Parliament has been overborne by force or by other means; and no sooner does the Parliament meet than upon the first manifestation of any opinion not in accordance with that of the Executive Government, the Parliament is either prorogued or dissolved. There is indeed, by law. liberty of the press; but that liberty has, by the arbitrary acts of the Government, been reduced to the liberty of publishing what may be agreeable to the Executive, and little or nothing else.

There are indeed, by law, tribunals for the trial of persons accused of offences and crimes; but numbers of persons have been arrested, imprisoned, banished, and even in some cases executed, not only without condemnation but even without trial. This system of violence and of arbitrary power seems in some degree to have survived the fall of its author, and not to have been as yet entirely abandoned by the more moderate men who have succeeded him in the Government.

It is greatly to be hoped that the present ministers in Spain, or those who may succeed them, will lose no time in returning to the ways of the constitution and to obedience to the law. Such a system of arbitrary violence as that which has been pursued in Spain is likely to create open resistance, and even while it is administered by the strong hand and determined will of the individual by whom it has been organized; but when it is no longer supported by the energy of its original author, and when an attempt is made to continue it under a feeble and less daring direction, no great degree of sagacity can be required to foresee that it must lead to outbreak. For when the ministers of the Crown set at naught the laws which provide for the security of the people, it cannot be surprising if the people should at length cease to respect the laws which provide for the security of the Crown.

It was certainly not for the purpose of subjecting the Spanish nation to a grinding tyranny, that Great Britain entered into the engagements of the Quadruple Alliance of 1835 and gave in pursuance of the stipulations of that Treaty, that active assistance which contributed so materially to the expulsion of Don Carlos from Spain.

But Her Majesty's Government are so sensible of the inconvenience of interfering, even by friendly advice, in the internal affairs of independent States, that I have to abstain from giving you instructions to make any representations whatever to the Spanish Ministers on these matters; but though you will of course take care to express on no occasion on these subjects, sentiments different from those which I have thus explained to you, and although you will be careful not to express those sentiments in any manner or upon any occasion so as to be likely to create, increase, or encourage discontent, yet you need not conceal from any of those persons who may have the power of remedying the existing evils, the fact that such opinions are entertained by the British Government.

No. 16.—*Viscount Palmerston to Mr. Bulwer.*

Private Extract: *Foreign Office, August 3d, 1846.*

Upon the marriage question our opinion becomes confirmed by reflection.

If the marriage of the Prince of Coburg to the Queen could be effected with the full consent and concurrence of the Spaniards, and would not bring them into a bad understanding with France, we, the English Government, should see it with pleasure; but I doubt whether, even in that case, the Prince of Coburg's family would not think the position in which he would thus find himself, more full of difficulties and of danger than of compensating advantages.

No. 17.—*Viscount Palmerston to Mr. Bulwer.*

Private Extract: *Foreign Office, August 16th, 1846.*

I tell Count Jarnac that we do not adopt the French category of Bourbon—descendants of Philip the Fifth, and that we do not admit that the French Government are entitled to object to the Prince of Coburg as the representative of English influence. But I say that, although I cannot yet tell him officially, the opinion of the English Government upon a matter which the pressure of domestic questions has prevented the cabinet from considering, my own opinion and that of such of my colleagues as have given their attention to these matters, is, that a Spanish Prince would on the whole be the best husband for Queen Isabella; and that the only Spanish Prince who could properly be chosen, would be Don Enrique. To this Count Jarnac replied by expressing his belief that if we would settle down to that decision the French Government would go along with us in pressing that arrangement.

No 48.—*Mr. Bulwer to Viscount Palmerston.*

Received Jan. 10.

Extract: *Madrid, Jan 2, 1847.*

As M. Guizot mentions my name in his note to Count Jarnac of the 22nd Nov last, and it might be thought from the text of his remarks, that I had countenanced, at the time to which he alludes, a marriage of the Queen of Spain with Prince Leopold of Saxe Colurg, I think it as well to enclose to your Lordship the copy of a letter which I received from M. Isturiz, to whom I wrote at that period, on learning that some such accusation had been made against me by the French Government to Lord Aberdeen. Inclosure in No. 48

TRANSLATION.

M. Isturiz to Mr. Bulwer.

Madrid, June 5, 1846.

My dear Friend.—I have received your letter of yesterday in which you request me to tell you whether you have ever held to me upon the subject of the marriage of my Sovereign any other language than this—"My Government regards the marriage of the Queen of Spain as a question purely Spanish; it acknowledges the independence of Spain in this matter; but it would prefer a descendant of Philip the Fifth, if such a husband were agreeable to the Queen of Spain and to her nation. It has no desire for a marriage with a Prince of Saxe Coburg, no interest in such a marriage which might even prove an embarrassment to it."

I am happy to bear witness to the correctness of these words, and hasten to renew to you the assurance of my most friendly esteem.

Signed XAVIER DE ISTURIZ.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Documents laid before the House of Assembly by command of the Lt. Governor

TO THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Honourable Gentlemen.—Having on various occasions, since my arrival in this province, as well in the answers which I have returned to Public Addresses, as in verbal communications with yourselves, so far explained the principles upon which I have hitherto conducted the Civil Administration of other Colonies, and which it is so much my wish to apply to this, as I trust, to render it unnecessary that I should now repeat them, I will proceed at once to invite your assistance in the formation of such

a Government as may be in accordance with those views, so far, at least, as the state of public feeling in this province may render practicable.

In the communications, which I deemed it to consist with my duty to hold with the leading individuals of the Opposition party, I have not failed fully to possess them of the opinions which I entertain, and the object which I have so much at heart—viz. the formation of a mixed Government, including the talented and influential of all parties.

To the memorandum which was placed by me in the hands of these gentlemen, on the 14th of September last, I would invite your particular attention, as well as to an extract of a private and confidential communication which I have recently received from Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, to whom a copy of that memorandum was communicated by me—and upon the principle therein enunciated, I now call upon you to propose to me the names of the gentlemen, whom you would recommend to supply the existing vacancies at this Board, with the understanding that in order *to facilitate the arrangement* I should be quite prepared to assent to the extension of its numbers, (to an amount not exceeding twelve) and immediately to make the required additional appointments, provisionally of course, and subject to the confirmation of Her Majesty.

I further offer myself as a medium of communication with other leading individuals of the Opposition, should such mediation be deemed necessary or desirable.

A fair distribution of official patronage (in which I am also ready to concur,) will necessarily constitute the basis of the proposed coalition or fusion of parties. And to this reasonable proposition, I am persuaded, that neither party will offer any opposition.

In conclusion. I will observe that the accomplishment of this object, which can only be effected by the surrender of party and personal feeling at the shrine of patriotism—and for harmony, public peace and consequent prosperity, could not fail to place the leading men of Nova Scotia in a position of enviable pre-eminence throughout the widely extended Colonies of the British Empire.

(Signed) J. HARVEY.

Government House, December 2, 1846.

Copy of a memorandum placed in the hands of Messrs. Joseph Howe, Doyle and Geo. Young.—dated 14th Sept., 1846.

I am induced to regard the distracted state of things at present existing in this community, as owing its origin far more to personal than to political causes, or rather to differences arising out of the latter having been suffered unnecessarily to interfere with and disturb the relations connected with the former. Such differences, namely, the disruption of social relations and personal friendly intercourse, are susceptible only of a gradual remedy;—but, looking to the feelings which have been so kindly manifested towards myself from all quarters since my arrival in this Province, I should not despair, if allowed a little time, of being able so to soften down personal asperities, by making myself both a mediator and a moderator between the influential of all parties, by inducing them occasionally to meet at my table, &c., as gradually to bring them to view differences of political opinions as constituting no sufficient cause for personal disputes, and by degrees to cherish towards each other sentiments of greater moderation. It is accordingly my wish to devote myself to this object exclusively, and, if duly sustained, I cannot allow myself to entertain any doubt of a successful result. To this plan, which I have not only expounded to the Home Government, but substantially to the whole of this community in my answers to Addresses, and by other modes—more especially by communication with all who have approached me, an appeal to the political constituency of the Province would be utterly and fatally opposed, by leading to the renewal of political struggles throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, and thereby reviving political strife and animosity with augmented bitterness. Moreover, I know of no grounds upon which I could justify such a course without a wide departure from those principles of Administration to which I regard myself as pledged by the whole tenor of my public life; and opposed, as I am known to be, to seeking to sustain my Government by identifying myself with any one party, but on the contrary, pledged as I equally am, to rest upon the support of *all*.

These views have been successfully carried out in every Colony over which I have been appointed to preside; and if I were to depart from them here I should regard myself as having come among you to bring you "a sword and not peace."

Let the Legislative existence therefore run its course—it will be brief. Let us endeavour to get through the remaining session as quietly as may be possible, more especially as there will be few matters of importance to engage its attention,—and let us indulge the hope that when Her Majesty's loyal subjects of this most interesting and important Colony are called upon to exercise their elective franchise, it may be done in a spirit which may best tend to ensure its prosperity and their own future peace and tranquillity, under the Legislative guidance of those on whom they can repose their confidence, and under the superintendance of one who has never shown a bias or entertained an opinion or a view disconnected with what he has regarded as the truest and best interests of the Colony committed to his charge, and who may be considered as having entitled himself to a fair and reasonable measure of the confidence of the people of Nova Scotia by the success which has hitherto crowned his efforts to conduct his administration in accordance with the well understood wishes of their fellow subjects elsewhere. (Signed) J. H.

Government House, Sept. 14, 1846.

Extract of a private and confidential Despatch from Earl Grey, of the 3rd Nov., 1846.

Of whatever party your Council may be composed, it will be your duty to act strictly upon the principle you have yourself laid down in the memorandum, delivered to the gentlemen with whom you have communicated that—viz. of not identifying yourself with any party, but instead of this, making yourself both a mediator and a moderator between the influential of all parties.

Halifax, 4th December, 1846.

May it Please Your Excellency,—We have considered the communication which Your Excellency has been pleased to address to us, relative to the formation of a Council on the principles which you have announced; and we beg to assure Your Excellency that we have given to the written papers and verbal explanation with which you have honoured us the attention so justly due, as well to the importance of the interests involved, as to the commands of Your Excellency.

It gratified us to hear Your Excellency distinctly propound that, whilst you desire the aid of a Council composed of influential men of both parties, you disclaimed the principle of equal numerical representation at the Board, and entirely rejected the idea that questions should be decided in Council by majority of votes. With such sentiments the practice of the Province and our opinions comport, and we also entirely accede to the principle announced by Your Excellency, that in the distribution of the patronage of the Crown in relation to offices, which, by vacancies hereafter arising, may be placed at your disposal, Your Excellency would be regulated, as far as the public service would permit, by a just and equal regard to the claims of individuals of all classes.

In this connection of the subject under consideration, we deem it proper to explain to Your Excellency that if either the existing constitution of the Council, or anything in the recent administration of the affairs of the Province, should seem to be at variance with the principles thus announced by Your Excellency, and of which we have respectfully expressed our approval, the apparent inconsistency is not attributable to the late Lieut. Governor, or to his advisers. With a view to conciliation the offices of emolument, vacated by the Members of Council, who retired in the end of 1843, were kept vacant or filled only conditionally, for as long a period as the public service would permit. Three unsuccessful overtures were made to the opposition for the construction of the Executive Council—and when the fruitless issue of these efforts and an uncompromising opposition, rendered further proposals hopeless and inexpedient, and unavoidably forced upon the Government a party aspect, that would gladly have been averted; nothing remained but by keeping the vacancies in the Executive Council unfilled, to continue to evince the principle on which it was wished to act.

It follows, from the observations we have made, that we are prepared to submit to Your Excellency, the assurance that, as we have ever been willing, so we are now ready, to unite at the Council board with gentlemen who bear a different party name from that which has been attached to those who have now the honour to address your Excellency, and in obedience to the desire which you have expressed, that we should offer our advise on this subject, we recommend that the vacant seats in the Executive Council should be tendered directly to the party in opposition, when Your Excellency shall be in a condition to make such tender with effect and benefit.

Here, may it please Your Excellency, we might stop. But convinced that the character of the Province, and its improvements and welfare, are deeply and injuriously affected by the continuance of party hostilities having no questions of public moment to justify them, we feel the duty to be imposed on us to make any advance towards conciliation consistent with principle and the position we occupy.

In considering the means by which we might promote the restoration of harmony, we are aided by Your Excellency's information, that no stipulations have been made by the other side. Had it been otherwise, we should have felt ourselves unable, with propriety, to make the advances we are about to do, for it would be wrong in a case that demands perfect candour, to conceal that what we are willing spontaneously to surrender on considerations affecting our own minds, we should feel on principle required to withhold, had it been demanded or even suggested by others.

With this explanation we beg to inform your Excellency that influenced by a desire to promote the peace and welfare of this Country, Mr. Almon and Mr Dodd have placed in the hands of their colleagues the declaration of their readiness to resign the former his seat in the Executive Council, the latter the Solicitor Generalship, as soon as the union of parties at the Council Board, which in common with your Excellency, we think the interests of the Province demand, shall be arranged, and their resignations be required for carrying it into full effect. The course thus adopted by Messrs. Dodd and Almon, has placed their colleagues in a trying situation—who desire not to withhold from Your Excellency, that when the proposal was first suggested to them by these Gentlemen, they rejected the idea of this sacrifice on the part of their friends with repugnance, and have only finally acquiesced in consequence of the urgent solicitation and argument with which they pressed the proposition. We shall regret if this act, on the part of the Executive Council, shall be disapproved by our friends, or if the motives that dictate it, shall be the subject of misapprehension or misrepresentation by any—we believe we fulfil our duty in taking advantage of the assumption of the Government by Your Excellency, to endeavour to bring into operation, in this mode, the same principles for which, during more than three years, we have contended, when the situation of affairs and the welfare of the province demanded their maintenance by a different line of action.

Your Excellency having desired the free expression of our opinions, we think it right to say that the increase of the Executive Council to twelve, is liable to objection, which only some strong public exigency should counterbalance—and we are aware that there are gentlemen in the Assembly whose opinions are entitled to consideration who are opposed to any augmentation beyond nine—the number mentioned in the Royal instructions.

Upon mature deliberation, we also consider it inexpedient that we should at present suggest to Your Excellency the names of the members of the opposition to whom, in our opinion, offers of seats in the Executive Council might, with most propriety and advantage, be made. We think that preliminary to any overture we should be informed in some definite manner whether the willingness we have expressed to unite in the formation of a Council with gentlemen of the opposition is met by a reciprocal sentiment, for if this be not the case, any further proceeding is impracticable, and all that we have proposed becomes inoperative.

Should the result of this inquiry be such as to lay a foundation for proceeding toward the object of Your Excellency's communication we shall be prepared cordially to co-operate with Your Excellency, with an earnest desire to elevate the Country, and promote the efficiency of Your Excellency's administration. If the principle of the union of parties in the Executive Council shall be acknowledged by the other side, Your Excellency will have four seats in the Executive Council and the Solicitor Generalship, to use as means of conciliation and evidences of the sincerity of our professions. If this principle be rejected, or if being admitted any appointments or arrangements shall be required to which we cannot accede, we shall but stand in the position we occupied previously to Your Excellency's appeal for us on Wednesday last—having afforded the additional evidence contained in this paper of our desire to promote the harmony of the Province.

(Signed)

S. B. Robie, Rupert D. George,
J. W. Johnston, E. M. Dodd,
M. B. Almon, Lewis W. Wilkins.

Supplementary Memorandum.

As it appears to me important that I should not be misunderstood in respect to a question of so much importance, as that of the *principle* upon which the appointments to office will be made by me, and with reference to a somewhat hurried conversation, which I had this afternoon with Mr. Wilkins on this subject, I deem it proper to state that the object of the memorandum which I this day read to and placed in the hands of the Executive Council, was to impose upon that Body, or rather to request it to undertake, the task of suggesting to me the means of supplying the existing vacancies at that Board upon the principle therein indicated—the modus operandi being confided wholly to them. A suggestion was introduced into that memorandum as to the basis upon which (alone) it appeared to me that that object could be accomplished, and in which I expressed my readiness to concur—viz. a fair and equal partition of offices of emolument; but in this point, the initiation must be taken by the Council and not by *me*, if they sincerely desire to carry out the object which they have undertaken.

As Her Majesty's Representative, I will be no party to depriving any of Her Majesty's servants of the offices they hold, otherwise than giving my assent to a voluntary surrender of them, should they think fit to make it for the attainment of a great public object,—but, as Her Majesty's Representative, I will take care, that all *future* appointments shall be made upon the principle which I have announced—viz, of perfect impartiality.

It will be remembered that I have on several occasions expressed a strong desire that an office of emolument should be found for *one* of the leading Members of the Opposition party.

Government House, December 2, 1846.

Halifax, 7th December, 1846.

We have the honour to acknowledge your Excellency's supplementary memorandum bearing the date the 2nd of Dec., and which was delivered to Mr. Wilkins by your Excellency on Saturday the 5th instant, after Mr. Dodd's departure for Cape Breton.

Previously to its delivery by your Excellency, and as early as Thursday afternoon while Mr. Dodd was in town, we had with him fully considered the subject of your Excellency's original memorandum, and had concurred in and arranged the proposals and sentiments that are contained in the communication which your Excellency will receive with this, and which is dated on the fourth instant. It has been necessary for us to refer to this circumstance, because our communication was prepared solely in reference to the first memorandum presented to us by your Excellency in connexion with the oral explanation of a passage in it which your Excellency was pleased to convey to us through Mr. Wilkins, whilst neither the passage alluded to, nor the explanation of it as communicated to us by Mr. Wilkins, contained any allusion to the suggestion of your Excellency made in the supplementary memorandum as to your "willingness to assent to a voluntary surrender of offices, should any of the incumbents of them think fit to make it for the attainment of a great public object;"—and because we are persuaded it will be gratifying to your Excellency to perceive that we had thus anticipated your Excellency in regard to that suggestion, two of the members of the Executive Council having, before it had been imparted to us, spontaneously expressed their willingness to make such surrender whenever it might become the means of accomplishing such an object.

Some of the members of our Council cannot call to mind that any reference was at any time made by your Excellency in their presence to the subject of the concluding paragraph of your Excellency's supplementary memorandum: and none of us have looked upon it as entering in any way into the considerations to which our attention has been directed by your Excellency's communication. On a point which may be deemed to touch very essentially the interests of individuals, and yet more deeply the public welfare, we would be wrong to remain silent after your Excellency has thus brought it to our notice, and our duty to your Excellency requires us unreservedly to say that, while two of our number have been willing, of their own accord, to offer the surrender of offices held by themselves for the purpose of conciliation, it would be entirely repugnant to our principles as public men, to our feelings as individuals, to advise or influence any gentleman holding an office of emolument to surrender it for the purpose to which your Excellency alluded.

(Signed)

S. B. Robie, J. W. Johnston,
R. D. George, M. B. Almon,
L. M. Wilkins.

Memorandum for the Members of the Executive Council.

Honorable Gentlemen,—I have perused with much satisfaction the Letters which you have addressed to me, under date the 4th and 7th inst. in reply to my memoranda of the 2nd, received by me yesterday, and I willingly recognize in them the evidence of a desire on your part cordially to co-operate with me in the endeavour to construct such an Executive Council Board, as, while it may fairly represent the two political parties to which the inhabitants of the Province appear respectively to adhere, may, at the same time, give to the Head of the Government the benefit of the assistance of the most talented and influential individuals of each, in conducting the Administration of its Civil affairs.

To Messrs. Dodd and Almon, I feel a degree of obligation beyond what I am able to express, and in bringing their disinterested and patriotic conduct to the knowledge of the Queen's Government, it will afford me much gratification to express my opinion, that they have respectively established a strong claim upon the approbation of their Sovereign, which will, I am convinced, be cheerfully recognized.

No time will be lost by me in bringing the propositions, embodied in your papers, into discussion with some of the leading individuals of the Opposition party, and in communicating to you the result.

With regard to the concluding part of my Supplementary Memorandum, you are correct in believing, that it was not intended to be placed before you by me, as embodying any distinct proposition for your acceptance or rejection, or that it had ever been meant to be propounded to you collectively. To three of your body it certainly had not, and to the other three it was mentioned incidentally as an object which appeared to me very desirable, if attainable, without undue interference with the rights and interests of others. In these views, Mr. Dodd appeared entirely to agree with me in my conversations with him, both in Cape Breton and here, as I believed, had the Attorney General and Sir Rupert George, though all admitted the diffiulties in the way of its present attainment.

(Signed) J. HARVEY.

December 11th, 1846.

To the Leading Members of the Opposition.

MEMORANDUM.

In laying before you, and inviting your attentive consideration, and that of your friends, to the enclosed correspondence with those held with the members of her Majesty's Council, having for its object, the formation of an United Government, it appears to me proper to observe as my desire is, while endeavouring to combine both parties in the public service, not to give a political triumph to either; that it would be premature to proceed to the discussion of details or individual selections for office, previous to the affirmation by both of the principle upon which it is proposed to construct such a Government. I repeat my conviction that the distinct admission, by both parties of the principle propounded, as a basis, would find to clear the question, and the discussion connected with it, of many of its difficulties.

With those remarks I invite as early an expression of your sentiments upon the proposition as may be convenient.

(Signed) J. HARVEY.

Government House, December 14th, 1846.

Halifax, December 17, 1846.

May it please your Excellency,—We have given to the papers, handed to the Speaker and Mr. Howe, on Monday last, the grave consideration to which any communications, coming through or from the Head of the Government are entitled; and we now proceed to discuss their contents with the frankness which seems to be expected of us, and in the confident belief that your Excellency desires candour and distinctness from all the parties who have been called, by their public positions, to take part in this inquiry.

Lest the mode adopted should be drawn into precedent, we must express our regret, that your Excellency should have been advised to lay before the members of Opposition the communications, oral and written, which have passed between your Excellency and your Executive Council.—These, we humbly conceive, ought to be of the most private and confidential nature;—if a distinct proposition is the result, the Opposition have something tangible to deal with: but they ought not to be called upon to criticise communications, out of which, so far as they can perceive, nothing has yet grown, but a dexterous evasion of a clear and positive command.

Your Excellency, in your address to the Executive Council, dated 2nd of December, calls upon them to aid you in the formation of a "mixed Government, including the talented and influential of all parties"—"to propose to you the names of the gentlemen whom they would recommend to supply the existing vacancies," and you informed them "that a fair distribution of official patronage (in which you are ready to concur) will necessarily constitute the basis of the proposed coalition, or fusion of parties."

These directions are clear and specific, and we can perceive an once the object which your Excellency had in view, and recognize the means by which you proposed to arrive at it as constitutional and legitimate. We regret to observe that, in no particular, have your requirements been met, or your commands obeyed; and, but for irrelevent matters, very improperly entertained, we feel that we might fairly decline to interfere, until your Excellency's instructions had been complied with, or the want of ability or inclination to comply with them had been ingenuously confessed.

In discussing questions of this nature English precedents are our safest guide. If the Cabinet at home is weak, and a more extended basis is desirable, the leader of the Government does not wait to be reminded of his duty by the Sovereign, but suggests promptly the "modus operandi" by which a change should be effected—if new appointments are required, he proposes the names of those *who are willing to serve with him*—if offices are to be vacated, he "takes the initiative," and places them at the Sovereign's disposal. If he delays or neglects this duty till formally called upon, he then obeys the commands which his own inertness has rendered imperative, and if he is unable or unwilling to comply, tenders his resignation. He does not travel out of the official note, in which the commands of his Sovereign are conveyed, to attribute to her expressions and opinions that it does not contain—which either were or were not dropped in the royal closet; but which Her Majesty has not conceived it politic or wise to throw out as materials for controversy among any portion of her subjects. It is to be regretted that this time-honoured practice has not been adhered to by Your Excellency's advisers. They have waited three months without discovering their weakness, or informing Your Excellency that the Council was defective in numbers and strength. When their attention is called to the fact, they profess adherence to a principle which for three years they have violated in practice—give Your Excellency the name of one gentleman who is ready to retire, but of none who are willing to go in—attribute expressions and seek to extract opinions, which might embarrass, rather than facilitate the arrangements they profess to desire, by involving Your Excellency in the unhappy controversies of the past; and, in obedience to Your Excellency's command that "a fair distribution of official patronage should constitute the basis of the proposed condition," argue in favour of a life tenure of office, and place the Solicitor Generalship alone in your hands, wherewith to satisfy the claims of the opposition, and convince us "of the sincerity of their professions."

Such being the mode in which the gentlemen from whom your Excellency had a right to expect a liberal construction of your appeal and prompt obedience to your wishes, have obeyed your commands, we might be pardoned for declining to interfere, but we are reluctant to evade the main questions raised by your Excellency, from any dislike to the form in which they have been presented, or from any desire to shrink from the responsibilities which our positions impose.

We understand your Excellency to desire to know whether the leaders of Opposition will, at the present moment, enter into a coalition with five of the six gentlemen who have signed the paper submitted to us, accepting four seats at the Council board and the Solicitor Generalship. That your Excellency may not suspect us of any desire to mislead, or to create embarrassment by the concealment of our opinions, we deem it our duty to answer in the negative, for the following, among other reasons:

1st. Because, even if a mixed or Coalition Government were, in any case to be thought of, after the experience we have had, the Leadership, in one or other Branch, should be conferred on the Liberty Party,—a fair distribution of patronage should be arranged at the formation, and justice to all Her Majesty's subjects to the rule thereafter. To ask the opposition, embracing nearly half the House, and, as we believe, a vast majority throughout the country, to share the responsibilities and labours of Government, holding but one office of subordinate importance, while the opposite party were left in possession of all the other official employments of the Province, securing to them the influence of every Department, would be far from meeting our ideas of equal justice.

2nd. Because, except under peculiar circumstances, Coalitions rarely work well. If the members act in good faith, they ultimately form one party, while another as surely arises to oppose them, with whom, if the principle is to be carried out, another Coalition must be formed. The experience of the Mother Country is not favourable to such combinations, and the coalition in which several of the present Council served, was continually weakened by their conduct, and ultimately shattered by the appointment of the gentleman who now professes his willingness to resign.

3rd. Because, though we shall be at all times ready to act with gentlemen with whom we can agree on common measures, and in whose patriotism and discretion we confide, with the Members of the existing Council we can enter into no political alliance, until the people of Nova Sco-

tia decide between them and us, upon various matters drawn into controversy during the last three years. Though they now desire to make it appear that there are "no questions of public moment," dividing parties in Nova Scotia, they well know that.

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We have the honour to remain, Your Excellency's most obedient, and very humble servants,

JOSEPH HOWE, LAW. O'C. DOYLE,
JAMES MCNAB, GEORGE R. YOUNG.

DIED, in this city, on the 2nd inst., WILLIAM C. McLEHOSE, of Edinburgh (better known since the act of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1842, by the name of William Lonsdale), grandson and *only descendant* of Mrs. McLehose, the "Clarinda" of Burns. His disease was dropsy of the chest, under attacks of which he has been for some time suffering more or less. He leaves no descendant, and that branch of the family is, therefore, extinct. His remains repose in Greenwood Cemetery.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 105 a 105 1-2.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1847.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGES.

Lord Palmerston, when alluding to this question in the House of Commons, intimated, that it would be advantageous to those who desired to have a right view of the case, to wait for the publication of the correspondence as laid before Parliament, rather than rely on that version which had been translated for the French journals, and retranslated for the English. The caution was not without its use, if we may judge from a perusal of a copy of the Parliamentary version which has been kindly placed in our hands. The correspondence is very voluminous, and there is appended to it, a copy of the celebrated treaty of Utrecht in three languages, English, French, and Latin.

The question of the Spanish marriages has grown, from small beginnings to one of much importance, and is extremely likely at some period to involve Europe in hostilities.

In the discussions which have taken place between the two governments, and which have not yet terminated, bad faith has been attributed to each other. England complains that France departed from the engagements entered into between Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe at Eu, in 1845; France asserts that she was drawn to this course in consequence of England bringing forward a new candidate for the hand of young Queen Isabella, in the person of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. The pith of the question then would seem to hinge on this single point,—Did England bring forward, or favour the pretensions, secretly or otherwise, of the German candidate? With a view of throwing light on and clearing up this point, we have selected a portion of the correspondence and given it in this day's paper. It will be seen by the intelligent reader, that we have made selections entirely in reference to the point alluded to, leaving all the collateral points for future consideration should it be necessary.

By the first letter, which is addressed by Lord Aberdeen to Sir Robert Gordon, the British Ambassador at Vienna, in 1842, it will appear the drama was opened by France, who sent M. Pageot to London, Vienna, and Berlin, to prevail on these cabinets to adopt the principle—that the Queen of Spain should limit herself in the choice of a husband to the descendants of Philip V. or the Spanish line of the Bourbons. The letter will show in what manner this arbitrary proposal was received by the British Government—a proposal which limited the Queen's choice to some three or four individuals, and deprived the Spanish nation of the right to any participation in a question which so deeply involved its prosperity. Lord Aberdeen instantly adopted the principle that the question was purely a Spanish one, and that it was for the Queen herself to choose, and the Spanish people to confirm the choice made by their sovereign. Every Prince in Europe was eligible for the honour of the Queen's hand, with the exception of those of the French Bourbons, who are rendered ineligible by the treaty of Utrecht. The issue of a Spanish and French marriage might bring the two thrones under one crown, and thus disturb that balance of power which has always been found of so much importance to the repose of Europe. And not only in the first letter did Lord Aberdeen avow these just and liberal principles, but he adhered to them throughout. His letter to the Duke Sotomayor, written some time afterwards, is equally firm, clear, and explicit. Lord Palmerston too, on coming into office in July last, avowed the same sentiments. No where does the British Government, or any of its agents, impose restraints on the Queen's inclinations; she was left to her own unfettered choice, and to the natural impulses of the female heart. Subsequently England admitted that the choice of a Spanish Prince might be the best; and in that case *recommended* that the Queen might select Don Henrique; but she urged nothing in the shape of compulsion.

In the conference that took place at Eu, in 1845, it was agreed on the part of England, that if Queen Isabella married a Spanish Prince, no objection would be made to the marriage of the Duke Montpensier with the Infanta—the Queen's sister—*provided* the marriage did not take place until the Queen had issue. This proviso was put in for the purpose of barring a French Prince from sitting on the Spanish throne, and thus uniting the two crowns in one. To this compact both sovereigns clearly and distinctly pledged themselves.

Well then, Queen Isabella did at length choose a Spanish Prince in the person of her cousin, the eldest son of Don Francisco; and no sooner was this choice made than France demanded the hand of the Infanta for the youngest son of Louis Philippe. It was granted, but France broke her promise to England by urging on both marriages at once, and at the same time in defiance of all the remonstrances of England, and in utter violation of the proviso agreed upon at Eu, that the second marriage should not take place until the first had produced issue.

Here then is the state of the case. But the French Government, in justification say, that England had departed from the compact herself, by bringing forward a German candidate, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg before mentioned; and the grounds of this charge they pretend to discover in Lord Palmerston's letter to Mr. Bulwer, dated the 19th of July, 1846. This letter we have copied entire, and we ask our readers if there be one paragraph or one sentence in the whole letter which justifies the French assumption? The candidates for the Queen's hand, says Lord Palmerston, are narrowed down to *three*—the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and the two sons of Don Francisco de Paulo. Oh! says M. Guizot, you name the Prince of Saxe-Coburg; you then have a candidate of your own apart from us; you have broken the compact of Eu, and we therefore separate from you and pursue our own course! Forthwith France acted on this resolution, urged on the double and simultaneous marriages, and consummated the act immediately. Is the displeasure of England then to be wondered at; and is it surprising that the *entente cordiale* is broken."

But it has been asked why did Lord Palmerston mention the German Prince as a candidate at all? For this reason, that the Prince of Saxe-Coburg had been put forward by the Queen's mother, and by the Spanish Government, who had made repeated overtures to England to sanction such a choice; which England, faithful to her engagement made at Eu, steadily and constantly declined. The Queen's mother and a great part of the Spanish court were in favour of Count Trapani, her brother; but he was obnoxious to the Spanish people, first, as being a Neapolitan, and secondly, as being the uncle of the young Queen. Being baffled on this point, and hating the family of Don Francisco de Paulo, she made the efforts to obtain the German Prince we have named.

Finding the English influence at the court of Madrid powerful, it became an object for the Government of France to diminish it. This they effectually did by making an ungenerous use of the letter of the 19th of July which Lord Palmerston had confidentially, and in good faith, given M. Guizot a copy of. This letter contains some expressions in regard to the Spanish Government which were not agreeable. M. Guizot lost no time in sending a copy of it to M. Bresson, the French Minister at Madrid, who showed it to the parties concerned, and thus was the credit of Lord Palmerston lost at the Spanish court. The Montpensier marriage speedily followed as a matter of course. Mr. Bulwer, in his letter to Lord Palmerston, dated August 22, 1846, speaks very pointedly of this unfair transaction.

We again urge our readers to peruse all the letters we have given, and we feel convinced that they will be satisfied that Great Britain acted most fairly and honourably throughout—that she kept her engagement made at Eu—that she had no candidate of her own, and that no selfish or interested feeling actuated her throughout the whole affair.

* From all the accounts we have read, it would seem that M. Guizot did not bring about this crisis without some compunctions. It was stated by one of the Paris papers that returning from a Cabinet Council, at which the Spanish question had been discussed, M. Guizot was in a considerable state of agitation, and repaired immediately to his own apartment where he shut himself up giving injunctions that no one should disturb him. On hearing of the agitated state of the Premier, Madame Lieven hastened to his apartment to offer him "the perfume of her consolation," but without effect. The case must, indeed, have been desperate, when "the perfume of even Madame Lieven's consolation" was rejected.

Nova Scotia.—The olive branch has been again offered to the *Liberals* of Nova Scotia, and again rejected. Sir John Harvey, the recently appointed Lieutenant-Governor, made overtures in September last, to Messrs. Howe, Doyle, M'Nab, and Young, to join his cabinet and form an Executive, which should embrace the leading men of all parties. On making known his wishes for a coalition Government to his existing Council, the conservative gentlemen composing the government, met his Excellency's views in the most handsome and patriotic manner; and two of them, Messrs. Almon and Dodd, offered to resign in order to make room for an equal number of Mr. Howe's party; but the offer was declined, and in terms too, rather austere for so generous an overture. To elucidate the matter satisfactorily we have been obliged to copy much of the correspondence which took place. It will be observed that "the Liberals declined accepting the offer on three grounds—*first*, because coalitions are generally unsuccessful; secondly, because a sufficient number of offices were not offered; and thirdly, because the Opposition desired first to try their luck at another general election. The reasons are indifferent enough, the second more especially, in which patriotism and a disinterested wish to serve the country seems to be entirely swamped.

Although the negotiations, have totally failed, we are nevertheless glad they were undertaken, as the transaction will satisfy the people of the province of the single minded purpose of her Majesty's Government, and the handsome manner in which the overture was seconded by the existing Council. The Conservative party will, we apprehend, be greatly strengthened by the issue, and they will be able to take the field at the next election with a gallant front and clear consciences.

While on Nova Scotia affairs we cannot avoid adverting to a very interesting article which we have to-day copied from Fraser's Magazine, from the pen of *Sam Slick*. Mr. Halliburton's wail for the fate of Lieutenant Green is no doubt well founded; but still we should bear in mind, that the fate of Mr. Green is not singular, and that many who are natives of Great Britain, have suffered in the same way the pangs of neglect. Such cases seem inseparable from every service where all the avenues to promotion are filled by so many applicants for advancement.

Mr. Halliburton is one of those who sincerely and loyally believe, that a representation of the colonies in Parliament would, among other advantages, tend to check the neglect of colonists in the public service of which he so much complains. This idea he has enforced very frequently in his works, especially in the "Clockmaker" and the "Attaché," where the soundest reasons are given for adopting Colonial Representation.

Since the passing of the Reform Bill, the colonies have not been represented in Parliament. Previous to that epoch, there were always two or three clever men in the House of Commons who kept up a supervision and protection of colonial interests. Such gentlemen were highly useful, as they were generally well versed in Colonial matters, especially in the trade and commerce thereof, and were appealed to as authorities in all matters touching the trans-atlantic gems which decorate the British crown. We cannot proceed further with the subject to-day.

CAPT. CHARLES ELLIOT.

Every one, no doubt, remembers the obloquy, which for political purposes, was attempted to be cast on this officer by a portion of the press of the United States. Few can forget how ceaseless and persevering these attacks were. He was accused of being the secret enemy of the United States—of meddling improperly with the negotiation going on between Texas and the cabinet at Washington. Various other imputations were made, indefinite it is true, but no less pointed. The clear sunshine of truth, however, easily dissipates these misty accusations, and we are glad to state, that Gen. Houston, at that time President of the then Republic of Texas, and now a Senator of that State, has taken an opportunity of doing justice to Capt. Elliot and defending him from all and every charge made against him. The occasion chosen by Gen. Houston for making the explanation, was while speaking in his place in Congress on the Bill for granting to the President three millions of dollars to make peace with Mexico. We copy the remarks from the Congressional Globe of the 19th ult:—

Genl. HOUSTON said, while he was on this branch of the subject, he would here, in his place, state some matters in relation to things which had been much discussed at large. Texas, to be sure, had great domestic misfortunes, but she was never recreant to the principles of liberty; and if she had stood alone from, and been disregarded and denounced by all the nations of the earth, she never would have swerved from the principles of constitutional liberty. She never could have been driven from the principles ingrafted in the very nature of her constituency. She never thought of forming an alliance which could have dishonoured her escutcheon. She never thought of owning allegiance to any country but one with which she could be incorporated on principles of equality.—Texas never thought of making any proposition affecting any of the institutions she had taken to that country, or to impair her self respect, or the respect of other nations. England never made a suggestion to Texas, which, if she had pursued or accepted, would have degraded her in the eyes of the purest patriot that ever lived. Nothing was ever proposed or done but what ought to take place between nations, although the journals of the United States, on various occasions, had thought fit to assail, not only the authorities of Texas, but the British and other foreign Ministers, and to denounce them as foreign emissaries, and the President of the Republic of Texas as traitor to the principles of liberty, for which he ought to be hurled from his estate. He was perfectly aware that all this would cause some excitement, which might lead to annexation; but Texas was not in a very comfortable position; and therefore he was willing that the United States should be induced to act by public opinion.

So far, then, as that was concerned, he did not regret the abuse which was heaped on Texas by the people of the United States, and by some statesmen too. But England was represented by a gentleman (Captain Elliot) whose intelligence would compare with that of any representative from any country, if Mr. H. was able to judge. He was a man who sympathised with Texas, and he proposed nothing but what was for the interest of Texas. He was representing faithfully his own Government, and he regretted that the blind zeal of Mexico could have withstood the strong remonstrance which had been made to her to recognise the independence of Texas. He required nothing but commercial relations between England and Texas, and an interchange of her fabrics for the products of the south. The character of that gentleman was pre-eminently praiseworthy and patriotic, and it would seem that Texas appreciates him when she writes her annals. And as a statesman and diplomatist, he was entitled to all the respect and gratitude of Texas.

The Paris papers since the correspondence as laid before Parliament has appeared, are decidedly against M. Guizot.

The ministerial papers were silent—the "Constitutionnel" says:—"Every man feeling for the honour of France wishes that its government should not be accused with justice of having violated every rule of sincerity and good faith." * * * "Let any man examine the documents which we place under the eyes of our readers, and let him judge for himself if the fair reputation of our country has not received a most lamentable stain."

The 'National' thus bitterly alludes to the parliamentary papers: "We have read, with the deepest attention, the documents published by Lord Palmerston relative to the Spanish marriages, and we were unable to contain our indignation at finding a government, which calls itself the government of France, continually obliged to tack about, to advance falsehood, and to recur to the most contemptible frauds and contradictions."

The 'Siecle declares as follows: "We defy any man of honour to whatever political party he may belong, to read the contents of the last despatch of Lord Normanby without blushing to the eyes." * * * "We are convinced that the nation will never acknowledge ministers who, instead of boldly supporting its rights and interests, are only competent to shift, trick, and tell lies.

The following was accidentally omitted when making up the news last week.

Emigration, House of Commons, Jan. 30.

LORD CLEMENTS wished to know if the Government intended to facilitate the employment of labour on the land in Nova Scotia and Canada, or to encourage in any way the outlay of capital in either of these colonies.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said, his noble friend at the head of the Colonial Department had forwarded a despatch to Canada stating the willingness of the Government to advance money for the construction of huts and dwellings for the labourers while employed on railways there, if the proprietors or companies wished to do so. But he did not know how the proposition would be received in Canada, and could not give the noble Lord a positive answer.

The session of Congress, as by law prescribed, terminated on the 4th instant. The Bill granting three millions to the President having passed without the *Wilmot Proviso* alluded to in this paper a week or two since.

A Bill granting $500,000 for the relief of Ireland which had passed the Senate, was lost, we regret to say, in the House of Representatives. Mr. Crittenden was the father of the Bill, and the Honourable Senator exerted himself greatly to get it through his own branch of the Legislature. Although unsuccessful he has earned the gratitude of every benevolent person.

In all parts of Canada, subscriptions are actively making for the poor sufferers in Ireland and Scotland. We have just learned that the little town of Port Hope in western Canada, has collected $1000, which have been remitted to her Majesty's Consul in this place, Anthony Barclay Esq., to buy bread-stuffs and forward with all possible despatch. The donors generously intend this relief for both Irish and Scotch; to be divided in the portion of three fourths for Ireland, and one fourth for Scotland. The worthy Consul, we are persuaded, will lose not a moment in faithfully carrying into effect the benevolent wishes of the contributors At the meeting called at Port Hope for making this subscription, we see by the papers that Mr. J. Smith acted as President, Mr. G. C. Ward as Secretary, and Mr. David Smart as Treasurer.

*** A correspondent complains that the list of the 500 dollar subscribers to the Irish Relief Fund, published last week was inaccurate. We beg to state, in reply, that we copied the entire list from the city papers to which we had been referred by the Committee sitting in Wall street If our correspondent can make interest with the Committee, or in any other way procure us an accurate list of such subscribers, we shall be happy to publish it.

The Corporation of New York have given $5,000 to the Irish Fund.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ST. DAVID'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—The Annual Festival of this valuable benevolent Institution was commemorated according to usage on St. David's day, at the Apollo Saloon, with more than its accustomed eclat. About three hundred ladies and gentlemen partook of a plentiful and well-arranged dinner, which was succeeded by a ball and supper, got up by the junior members of the association in compliment to their fair guests. It was a novel feature in the St. David's Benevolent Society's Festival, and from the delight and amusement it afforded to the younger and fairer portion of its members; we presume that the ball will hereafter form an agreeable adjunct to the festivities of the national commemoration.

We confess to taking a warm interest in the doings of the anniversary celebration of this society. They are unique in their character. These annual festivals are conducted upon strictly temperance principles, and ladies and children are made the participators in the yearly commemoration, actually converting a national holiday into a social feast. The exercises of the evening, too, are clothed with peculiar interest. The speeches in Welsh, so fervidly and eloquently delivered by the orators, and the recitations of the Bards in their native mountain tongue; the warm eulogies and graphic pictures, given by the invited guests, of the virtues and qualifications and former glories of the Welsh race; the congregated array of well dressed women and blooming children form a *tout ensemble* at once novel and delightful, and taken in connection with the laudable designs of the institution itself, it forms a scene that appeals directly to the sympathies of one common humanity.

We are not prepared this week to give a detail in full of the proceedings of this interesting occasion. Eloquent addresses were made by David Colden, Esq., President of the St. David's Benevolent Society; by the Rev. Mr. Jones (in Welsh); by James H. Raymond, Esq.; Joseph Fowler, Esq., President of the St. George's Society; Richard Irvin, Esq., President of the St. Andrew's Society; Louis Leclere, Esq., President of the French Benevolent Society; and Chief Justice Jones, President of the St. Nicholas Society. An eloquent and impressive eulogy was delivered to the memory of Sir Charles Morgan, of Tredegar, by —— Edwards, Esq., Vice President of the St. David's Society; and an extremely pertinent and eloquent address was made by T. I. Jones, Esq., as the St. David's Corresponding Secretary, awarding a medal to Mr. Roberts, one of their Bards, for an original Poem in Welsh.

We hope to be enabled to give a more detailed account of the proceedings of this interesting celebration in our next number.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.

The Society Library is an institution of which New York may justly be proud. In the midst of commercial and social excitement its retired and orderly apartments, furnished with ample resources for quiet and intellectual enjoyment, present a retreat from the strife and turmoil, inseparable from city life. We believe that the advantages of this valuable Institution only require to be generally known to be fully appreciated by the community. Like Columbia College, the library is one of the foundations for which the city is indebted to colonial times; the first public library in America was established under the government of the Earl of Bellamont in the year 1700. The Society Library, though founded at a later period, was engrafted on the old "City Library," the name of which

in common parlance, it still bears, and the relic of which early collection it still preserves.

By the advertisement of the trustees, it will be seen that although the Institution is in a prosperous condition, they are desirous of extending its usefulness, and therefore invite those, who wish to partake in its benefits to unite in promoting an important public interest.

The Society possesses at least 40,000 volumes, constantly increasing by the addition of all the better literature and science of the day—a Reading and News room supplied with the freshest and the most attractive novelties, affording an agreeable resort for a leisure hour, which must amply repay the very moderate charge made.

It is difficult to conceive how an enlightened and liberal community, like that of the great American metropolis, can fail to appreciate an establishment formed to their hands for which they have never been taxed, whose claims have never been obtruded upon them, whose offerings are so pure, so elevating in their tendency, to the enjoyment of whose benefits they are invited as an intellectual feast, where the only requirements are an almost nominal charge, and that decorous spirit which is promotive of the common comfort.

All who have any disposition to enjoy the use of such an establishment, where besides, they may have the privilege of introducing strangers, are invited to call at the Society Library in Broadway, and inspect its pleasant and agreeable arrangements. The librarian will be happy to afford all the information required.

THE ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

The production of the new opera by a new composer, forms quite an era in our musical times, and is therefore worthy of our particular consideration. Verdi, the new composer, has overthrown both Bellini and Donnizetti, the worshipped idols of the impulsive Italian people. He has attained the highest pitch of popularity in Italy, but in Paris he made several failures, and only succeeded in securing the attention of the connoisoures of that city by the production of the opera which we are about to notice.

I. Lombardi succeeded well in Paris not alone on account of its merits as music, but because its plot affords scope for the most magnificent scenery and properties, and the most gorgeous display of costumes. In short it is at once an opera and a magnificent *spectacle*—such as was Helévy's *La Juive* in Paris, and Weber's *Oberon* in London. Tinsel, glare, and music fascinate the Parisians. Many a heavy opera is carried safely through on the back of gorgeous processions.

There is, however, undoubtely, some fine music in *I Lombardi*, and much quaintness, which is but too often taken for originality. The melodies do not possess the catching, popular qualities of a Bellini, or a Donizetti, but they are very similar in character and construction; but Verdi's music, or rather his melodies, seem to us as though they were written under restraint, that is, as though they were composed under the most impressive remembrances of the masters of his school who have gone before him. The apparent natural course of the melody is constantly turned aside to avoid similarities, which imparts to such melodies a strained and unsatisfactory character. Verdi, like all the modern Italian writers, is a victim to a passion for instruments of brass and percussion. He is not content with using the whole force and volume of the regular orchestra, but in addition, he produces a powerful military band upon the stage: he is not content with giving them military music solus, but opens their brazen throats in all the fortes, which produces, in our little opera-house, a power of sound sufficient to give hearing to the deaf, and to destroy that exquisite sense in those already possessed of it. This love of noise is the curse of our modern writers: with the Italians it is mere noise without substance. It will be a happy day for the cause of music, when writers will return to Mozart's simplicity! his music always had meaning, always bore the impress of the mind; he needed not the aid of drums and trmpets to cover up the want of thought.

There are several quaint and striking chorusses in the first and second acts, besides some concerted pieces of considerable power, but the third act contains more to admire than all the three others combined. The chorus of Pilgrims and Crusaders, with which it opens is an admirable piece of writing both for voices and Orchestra. It was exceedingly well executed, the charming passages for the Violincello, being performed in a masterly manner by Mr. Boucher. The duo between the Soprano and Tenor, which succeeds it, is also a fair sample of Verdi's style while the trio which concludes the act is a most clever and effective piece of writing, and being sung in excellent style, it has on each representation been honoured by an encore. Taking the Opera as a whole we think it well worthy the consideration of the public, we should strongly recommend our readers to go and hear it.

Signorina Barili sang her music with remarkable care: she had evidently studied it thoroughly, and we look upon her performance of Giselda as her most successful effort.

Signor Benedetti never sang better, and we listened with unqualified delight to his simple and natural pathos, his exquisite finish and classical taste, and felt most forcibly how worthless are those dazzling but extrinsic ornaments which excite surprise but do not touch the heart.

Signor Beneventano has a most important part in the opera, and he sung some parts of the music most admirably; other portions he marred by his excessive efforts, but on the whole we never saw him to better advantage. Signori Patti, Sanquirico, and Martini, did what was set down to them very satisfactorily.

The chorusses were well drilled, and also the band and the opera was put on the stage in a magnificent manner. The scenery, by Signor Allegri, is truly beautiful, while the dresses, properties, &c., are gorgeous in the extreme. The managers have spared no expense in the production of this opera, and we have no doubt but that the public will make them a handsome return for their enterprise.

Tuesday evening next is set apart for the benefit of Signorina Barili.—We believe that she will have a crowded house, for she richly deserves such a compliment.

NEW WORKS.

Tales of Women's Trials, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.—Harper and Brothers.—A new production by this favourite authoress is always sure of welcome among the admirers of elegant fiction. The present work consists of a series of Tales and Sketches illustrative of the evils which affect the sex in several walks of society.

Fireside Friend, or Female Student.—Harper and Brothers have also just issued a new improved edition of the above named work, devoted to various branches of female education—physical, moral, and intellectual. It is a very admirable epitome of general knowledge.

Scenes in Nature, or Conversations on Land and Water.—Harpers.—An attractive little volume, descriptive of the wonders of the earth and waters: it is from the well known pen of Mrs. Marcet, whose numerous elementary books on chemistry, and the several sciences have attracted so much approbation in England and in this country. Some engravings and a coloured map accompany the volume.

Library of Choice Reading.—The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by Wm. Hazlitt, Part I. Wiley and Putnam. This was Hazlitt's last, but we cannot agree with the writer of the preface, that it was his greatest work. Among the many "Lives" of that extraordinary man, (who filled the world with wonder) by English authors we may feel inclined to place Mr. Hazlitt's name among the first, but we suspect a faithful history of Napoleon is yet to be written, and we say this with "Thier's" work before us. Prejudice or partiality is stamped upon the whole of them, time alone can pluck the sting from asperity on one side, and prevent undue adulation on the other. We feel assured that the public, as well as ourselves, differ materially on a variety of points from all that has yet been written of Napoleon Bonaparte. Particular facts and opinions may be gathered from the various histories and documents given to the world, but something more is required; there are secret springs which have thus far concealed the motives of his actions—the elements which stirred to life the vastness of his power—and it is desirable that these should be opened. Such an event is now likely to take place, for his own history as a series of private papers was committed to his brother, who lately died at Naples, and by him beqeathed to his son "Louis," certainly for some purpose, and that doubtless, for putting mankind in possession of views and facts hitherto unknown. We have no wish to shade the glory of Napoleon, and as little desire to cover him with false praise. We simply ask for truth, and are contented to wait for it; in the meantime we are ready to admit that Mr. Hazlitt's work is not unworthy of his fame as an author.

Spaniards and their Country, by Richard Ford. We were much pleased with the First Part of this work, and so expressed ourselves in a former number of this journal. We have perused the Second Part, just published, and are highly gratified. Many new features are disclosed, and a good deal of interest excited. Upon the whole, "Spaniards and their Country" will be found both instructive and amusing.

Music.—*Le Pas des Fleurs*, danced by the celebrated Danseuses Viennoises, published by Millet, 239 Broadway.

The *Hebrew Maiden's Lament*, sung by Mlle. Rachel, music by P. Lindpaintner, English words by C. B. Barkhardt. The words comprise a touching romance, in which a Hebrew maiden is enamoured of a Christian youth, with whom she knows her fate can never be united by reason of the difference of their respective creeds. Whilst her aged father is engaged in his evening devotion, the maiden embraces the opportunity to stand a few moments at her lattice with her attention directed towards the chamber window of her beloved, and in mournful reverie dwells upon the object of her affections, and in his hopeless love for herself traces the cause of his sad features and secret sorrows; she draws consolation, however, from the belief that though they may be separated on earth, yet in Heaven they will be united. Published by C. Holt, jr., 156 Fulton st.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—The *Viennoise troupe* is again the cynosure of attraction at this House. Crowded, and literally delighted, audiences have been collected during the week by these fascinating young artistes.

Instead of there being any diminution in their power of drawing audiences, or any perceptible satiety in the public mind, arising from the continued repetition of their delightful performances, it would appear, by the enthusiasm evinced during their present engagement, that the taste of the public is actually "growing by what it feeds upon." The graceful and beautiful execution of these well drilled children is worthy of all the admiration bestowed upon them. They have been a fortunate speculation for managers in this country, and have proved a mine of wealth to Madame Weiss. We trust that before the children finally quit the country, some plan may be adopted whereby the little creatures may be individually benefited by the unexampled success attending the exhibition of their combined talents.

The entertainments at the Park during the week have admitted of a display of the full comic strength of the company. Bass, Barrett, Fisher and Andrews, with the clever Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Vernon, have presented an array of rich comic talent it would be difficult to match in any one theatre in this country.

We understand that Mr. Simpson has in preparation a new play written by an American lady of distinguished literary reputation. We anticipate for it a very cordial reception. The plot is one of unusual interest and novelty: the fair authoress has managed her materials with skill, and has produced strong dramatic effects. In the present day these are indispensable adjuncts in procuring success for any dramatic composition. Mr. Barry is preparing the play with great care, and under his experienced management the authoress will receive all the aid which the facilities at the Park can throw around a new production.

Bowery Theatre.—A new national drama, from the prolific pen of N. H. Bannister, Esq., called Ethan Allen, or the Green Mountain Boys of 1776, was produced on Monday evening with unequivocal marks of success. It has been performed during the week with undiminished attraction, and bids fair to rival in popularity the author's famous Putnam.

These dramas, founded on the Revolutionary struggles of America, are peculiarly adapted for the Bowery, and Mr. Bannister understands the art of spicing them to suit the strong feelings of his audiences. Ethan Allen is a succession of clap-traps which find a hearty response from the delighted auditors who crowd to its representation. There is no particular novelty in the incidents, farther than is presented in a few of the striking occurrences of the General's brief career. These are strung together with Mr. Bannister's usual accompaniments to his dramas—a Metamora-like Indian and his Nahmeokee squaw; a "real downeaster;" a low comedy character; and a foreign exquisite; with these purely fictitious characters, the aid of a horse, and the skill of the scene-painter and mechanist, Ethan Allen is made a very interesting and successful melodrama. The actors do all they can to uphold the piece. Mr. Neafie is impressive as the Indian Chief, Carabasset; in fact he is a Forrest in little. H. Chapman is broad and humorous as White Nathe, the Green Mountain Boy; and Hadaway is as funny as usual in Ten Eyk, the sheriff. Vache is quite at home as Corporal Howell, a veteran of the old French war; and young Clarke has added another laurel to his very able talents, in the personation of Esparto, the Italian exquisite of the piece. Mr. Booth is the youthful hero, Captain Mervin, and he plays the part spiritedly and judiciously. The talented Mrs. Booth is converted into a tragedy heroine, as the Squaw Nemeneca; she wears the buskin with great tact and discrimination. Mesdames Jordan, Sergeant, and Madison, are respectable.

Mr. Jackson is certainly an active manager—he has added to his list of attractions this week, the inimitable and original Jim Crow Rice. We are glad to perceive that this excellent artist is perfectly restored to his powers. His performances have been highly relished at the Bowery. Indeed Mr. Rice has converted a species of characters, he has the claim of originating, once known on the stage as being only sickly sentimental, or broadly burlesque, into artistical delineations of the varied shades of "nigger character." Mlle Dimier, the graceful danseuse, is also engaged by Mr. Jackson, and will appear, we understand, on Monday next.

Tom Thumb at the Museum.—This wonderful little hero has returned to his native land after his thousand victories in Europe—and bids fair to lead captive the people of America, as he did the Queens, Kings, and Princes of the old world. Her Gracious Majesty, Victoria, received and treated him with attention. He tells a number of interesting anecdotes of her kindness and affability, in his own comical style. We visited the Museum the other evening and were much amused—the Liliputian General went through his various performances with great spirit, imitating Napoleon, Frederick the Great, &c., sung, danced, and sold his own memoirs with true Yankee gusto. The crowds that attended seemed delighted—and if his own and Mr. Barnum's fortunes are not already made, there is every likelihood of their wishes being amply crowned and at no distant date. The little *great* man appears to be an especial favourite with the ladies—his manners are polished and pleasing, and show the effect of his European trip to advantage.

PARK THEATRE.

Boxes.....$1 00 Pit.....$0 50 Gallery.....$0 25

Doors open at 6½ o'clock, and the performances will commence at 7 o'clock.

The Viennoise Children will appear every evening this week in three favourite dances.

mar 6.

INFORMATION WANTED OF THOMAS GIBBONS, son of Peter Gibbons, formerly of Newfield, Newport, County Mayo, Ireland, late of New York. When last heard of Thomas Gibbons was in Kentucky. His only Sister, Mary Rowton, would be glad to hear of or from him.

Address to the care of S. M. SANFORD, Barrie, U. C.

mar 6—3t.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY would direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present condition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous; it is free from financial embarrassment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obligations, and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice, in a central situation, on the principal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well selected volumes, (many of which are rare and costly,) it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more accessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair character may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by paying twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the latter may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one; and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the Trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the Trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of extent and importance that will make it the boast and honour of the commercial metropolis of the Union.

mar 6.

BRITISH PROTECTIVE EMIGRANT SOCIETY.—The regular Quarterly Meeting of the above society will be held at their rooms, No. 93 Greenwich street, on Monday next 8th inst, at 12 o'clock noon. The members are requested to be punctual in attendance.

By order,

mar 6—1t. CHARLES H. WEBB, Superintendent.

AID TO IRELAND.

COMMITTEE Room, Prime's buildings, 54 Wall street. The Treasurer respectfully reminds the public that his hours for the receipt of donations in money to be expended in provisions for the famishing poor in Ireland, are between 10 and 2 o'clock.

The accounts this day received in a pamphlet from the Central Committee of the Society of Friends in Dublin, relate scenes of misery and death which are truly heart rending, and at the same time these accounts demonstrate that the Samaritan Quakers are administering assistance and relief to the starving people with the greatest degree of prudence and industry. The pamphlets are in press and will be published in a day or two.

Enquirers are answered that it is beyond the power or ability of the Committee to undertake to deliver private donations to individual persons. All the bread stuffs and provisions the Committee send, will go to the Central Committee of the Society of Friends in Dublin, for general distribution.

M. VAN SCHAICK, Treasurer.

Newspapers willing to copy, free of charge, will please publish.

mar 6—tf.

FAMINE IN SCOTLAND.

WHILE such generous efforts are making, by all classes of citizens, for the relief of famishing Ireland, the suggestion is a natural one that Scotland, a part of whose population are suffering from the same cause, should not be forgotten. The destitution in the Highlands and islands is very great, embracing a population, scattered and often very remote, of about 300,000 persons; yet the distress does not, as yet, seem to be to an extent so overwhelming as to transcend the ability of the country and those connected with it to relieve. Many resident Scotsmen, and others interested in the object, have already privately remitted their offerings; but as many in the city and state may desire to assist, who have no convenient medium at hand for the remittance of their contributions, it has been thought advisable thus publicly to announce, that any sums of money, large or small, designed for the relief of the distress in Scotland, may be sent to the President or Vice Presidents of St. Andrew's Society, viz: Richard Irvin, 98 Front street; John J. Palmer, Merchant's Bank; and Adam Norrie, 119 Greenwich street; by any one of whom the funds will be at once remitted to the proper committee in Edinburgh or Glasgow. New York, 18th Feb. 1847. feb 27.

INFORMATION WANTED OF WILLIAM BARBER, or any of the members of his family. They emigrated to this country about fourteen years since, and are supposed to be residing somewhere in Canada. William Barber was by trade a Paper Maker. Any information respecting them will be thankfully received by addressing a line to WILLIAM H., Fitchburg, Mass.

feb 20—3t.

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

'A SAVINGS BANK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN."

(EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.)

CAPITAL £500,000 sterling, or $2,500,000.

Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premium) of about $185,000.

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq., George-st., Hanover-square, Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

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THIS INSTITUTION embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to life assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid; also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

Assurances for terms of years at the lowest possible rates.

Persons insured for life, can, at once, borrow half amount of annual premium for five successive years, on their own note and deposit of policy.

Part of the Capital is permanently invested in the United States, in the names of three of the Local Directors—as Trustees—available always to the assured in case of disputed claims (should any such arise) or otherwise.

The payment of premiums, half-yearly or quarterly, at a trifling advance upon the annual rate.

No charge for stamp duty.

Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal, and extra premiums on the most moderate scale.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.—The remarkable success and increased prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent. on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS—(Chief Office for America, 74 Wall-st)—*New York*—Jacob Harvey, Esq., Chairman, John J. Palmer, Esq., Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., James Boorman, Esq., George Barclay, Esq., Samuel S. Howland, Esq., Gorham A. Worth, Esq., Samuel M. Fox, Esq., William Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

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(Medical Examiners attend at 74 Wall-st. and No. 134 Bowery at 3 o'clock, P.M. daily. Fee paid by the Society.)

Standing Counsel—William Van Hook, Esq., 39 Wall-st. *Bankers*—The Merchants' Bank. *Solicitor*—John Hone, Esq. 11 Pine-st. *Cashier*—Henry E. Cutlip, Esq.

An Act in respect to insurance for lives for the benefit of married women, passed by the Legislature of New York, 1st April, 1840.

Pamphlets, blank forms, table of rates, lists of Agents, &c. &c., obtained at the Chief Office 74 Wall-st, 134 Bowery, or from either of the Agents throughout the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent for the United States and B. N. A. Colonies.

New York, January 30, 1347.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.—HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, has on hand and is constantly receiving fresh supplies of the above well known Pens, of every description, on cards and in boxes of one gross each which he offers to the trade on moderate terms

For free, light handwriting, the Croton Pen is recommended as superior to any yet offered.

CAUTION.—The high character of these Pens, and their very extensive sale, has been the cause of so many spurious imitations of the genuine article being offered to the public, that Mr. Gillott has determined to avail himself of that protection the laws of the country extend to him.

In pursuance of which Mr. Gillott has lately obtained from the Court of Chancery of the State of New York, an injunction against one party thus violating his rights, perpetually restraining him (the defendant) from making or offering for sale, any Pens with the name or trade marks of Mr. Gillott

The public are hereby cautioned against purchasing any of these spurious articles, and manufacturers and venders are warned that proceedings in Chancery will at once, on discovery, be instituted against them, for any infringement of Joseph Gillott's name or trade marks.

CANADA dealers will at all times find a good assortment for sale by

feb 6—tf. JAMES FOX, Montreal.

M. W. KING AND SON, PATENT CHAIR MAKERS, 486 Broadway. Pivot Revolving Chairs, Recumbent Revolving Chairs, Self-Acting Extension Recumbent Chairs, Dentist Chairs, Improved Invalid Wheel Chairs, Branch Reading and Writing Desks, and every variety of Mechanical Chairs for comfort and convenience.

☞ Also, by permission, manufacturers of Major Serle's U. S. A. Travelling Invalid Chair Fashionable Cabinet Furniture made to order.

M. W. KING, } New York.
W. B. HALLECK, }

feb 20—6m.

ADVANTAGEOUS INVESTMENT IN CANADA.—FOR SALE—The extensive Hotel in the city of Montreal, Canada East, known as "The Exchange Coffee House," on St. Paul and St. Peter streets. This establishment is well and favourably known to that portion of the American citizens having commercial relations with Montreal. There is ample room on the premises for the erection of additional buildings.

For further particulars apply, post paid, to

feb 27—1m. ARTHUR ROSS, City Hall, Montreal.

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